The Most Sensational Exposé of the Year!

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

November 21, 1939

Start It Now!

CHARLES E. COUGHLIN

A DOCUMENTED EXPOSÉ

The First of Six Articles by

JOHN L. SPIVAK

Facts, Figures, Documents!

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Between Ourselves

Our Final Appeal

WE KNOW you read the Spivak article before reading anything else in this issue.

This, the first of his articles, is only a sample of what is to come. A lot of people told us before publication that the articles couldn't possibly be as good as we said. Well, you're the judge. Now our problem is to do a nationwide publicizing job that will bring the Spivak articles into every nook and cranny of America.

We want to prove to every man and woman who has ever heard Coughlin's voice over the radio or read *Social Justice* magazine that Charles E. Coughlin is guilty of all that Spivak reveals. We want them to know that Coughlin is not representative of his church and of his clerical office.

This job takes money.

Last week we raised $1,295.95 in our emergency fund drive. To date we have received a total of $3,576.26 towards our goal of $7,000.

Our warm appreciation to those hundreds of readers who have come to NEW MASSES' rescue in this period of critical financial emergency. And our thanks to those and other hundreds of readers, stalwart NEW MASSES supporters every one of them, for their splendid efforts in our campaign to secure thousands of new readers.

This week the flow of subscriptions to our office reached the highest level in 6 months. If it continues, this will go a long way towards providing the final solution to our financial problems. But that depends on you, our reader-stockholders.

We still need the vital difference between what we have received to date and our $7,000 goal. This means we need exactly $3,423.74.

We have already gone ahead, planning and partly carrying out one of the most ambitious promotion campaigns in the history of this twenty-eight-year-old publication. Frankly, we've done it on our nerve—and our credit.

The editors of NEW MASSES, *your trustees* in the magazine in which you are a stockholder, are now asking:

Will each of you give us $1? What's more, will you send that dollar to us right now? NEW MASSES needs it. Do your share in helping us reach millions today.

See the coupon on page 27.

The Editors.

WE'VE just gone over the proofs of the second Spivak article and we can guarantee it is just as good, if not better, than the first. And that's something. Charles E. Coughlin is worried, and shows it in the current issue of *Social Justice,* tipping his followers off that something is coming in that horrible sheet, NM, and don't believe a damn word of it. Threats by "Christian Fronters" against NM have reached our offices. We have not ignored them. We have taken all possible precautions against the plug-uglies Coughlin has directed against progressive groups in the past. We shall carry on here, as usual. All our readers are urged to get this series before America to help end this bluster, and worse, this terrorization, by the man who wants to see "the streets of New York run red with blood."

Next week's issue of NM will be on sale in New York Wednesday, a day earlier, because of the Thanksgiving holiday.

Reminder: NM's twenty-eighth annual ball will be celebrated Saturday night, December 2, at Webster Hall, with "A Night in Trinidad." Tickets are $1 in advance, $1.50 at the door. Phone Jean Stanley at NM, CAledonia 5-3076.

Constancia de la Mora, Edwin Rolfe, and Alvah Bessie will be guests of honor at a reception given by Martha Dodd, Ralph Bates, and Mrs. Henry Seidel Canby, at the Penthouse Club, 30 West 59th St., N. Y. C., Sunday, November 19, at 5 p.m. The occasion will celebrate the publication of Miss de la Mora's book, *In Place of Splendour,* and the authors will autograph a limited number of their recent books on Spain. This reception for the benefit of Exiled Writers has been arranged by the New York chapter of the League of American Writers, and Spanish Intellectual Aid. Among those sponsoring the party are Lillian Hellman, Philip Merivale, and William Rose Benet.

Who's Who

JOHN L. SPIVAK, one of America's most famous reporters, will be particularly remembered by NM readers and others for his series in NM during 1934 and 1935 exposing anti-Semitic activities in this country. Spivak's most recent book is *Honorable Spy;* he is also the author of *Secret Armies, Europe under the Terror,* and other books. . . . Morris Kamman has often contributed to progressive periodicals of America. . . . Verne Lee is writing a children's book on Copernicus, against a background of Polish culture and history. . . . Pauline Leader is the author of *And No Birds Sing.* . . . Milton Meltzer's articles and reviews have frequently appeared in NM.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXIII NOVEMBER 21, 1939 NUMBER 9

The Coughlin Racket

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Silver Charlie Coughlin collects millions of dollars without the Catholic Church ever seeing his records or auditing his books. The financial manipulations of money collected through various corporations he has organized, such as "Social Justice" magazine, the "Radio League of the Little Flower," and the "National Union for Social Justice." The first of a series of six articles.

BACK in 1933 a woman named Ruth Mugglebee published an adoring biography of the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin of Royal Oak, Mich., entitled *Father Coughlin, the Radio Priest* (Garden City Publishing Co.). The biographer tells of the many "wonderful interviews" she had with the priest. During one of them she quotes him (page 127) as saying to her:

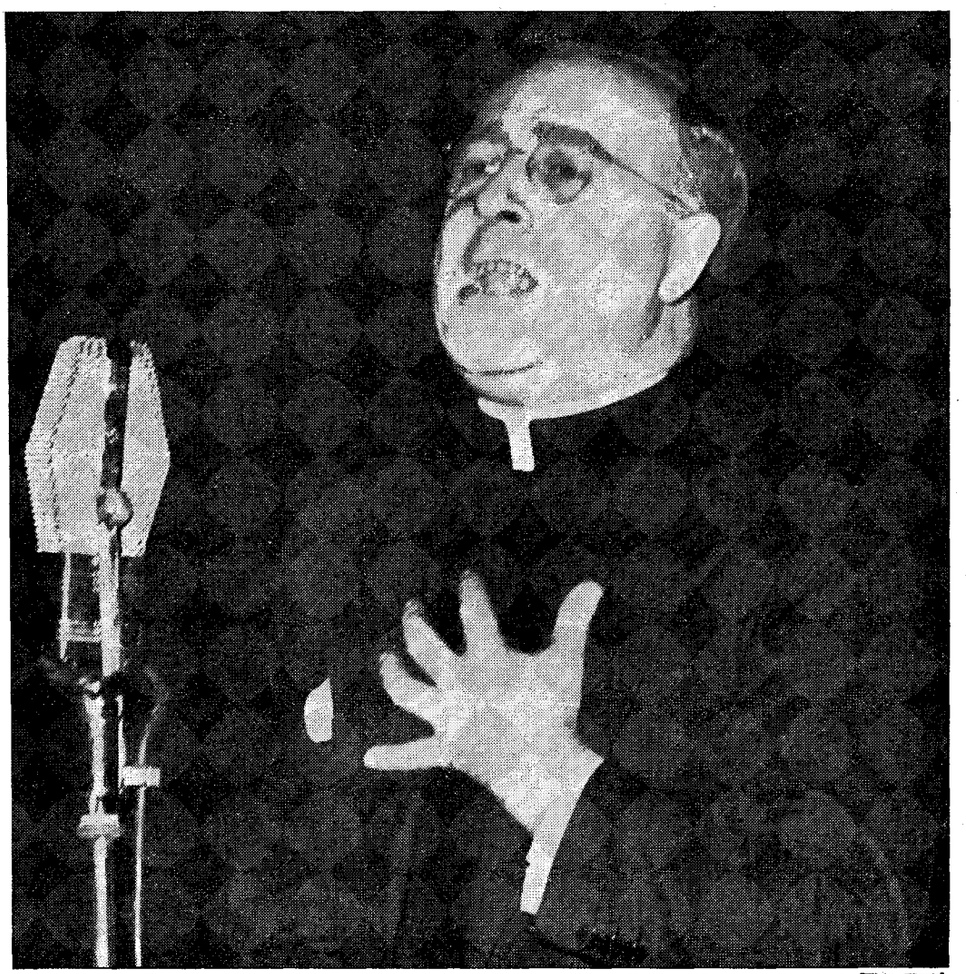
> Do you know how I would live if I renounced religion and was illogical enough to disbelieve in a life beyond—in the real life? Why, if I threw away and denounced my faith, I would surround myself with the most adroit hijackers, learn every trick of the highest banking and stock manipulations, avail myself of the laws under which to hide my own crimes, create a smokescreen to throw into the eyes of men, and—believe me, I would become the world's champion crook.

I have no way of knowing whether, deep in his soul, the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin has renounced his religion but, after digging around the various corporations he organized and the several millions of dollars he has taken in with no one, except his own little coterie, ever seeing the books, I came to the conclusion that he has certainly learned a trick or two of the "highest banking and stock manipulations." As for a smokescreen, he has belched forth several of them and each has brought in the shekels. So far as the Catholic Church is concerned it not only never audited the books of the priest's various corporations but never even saw them. Once when the archbishop of Detroit, acting upon papal instructions, tried to get a little truth into the pages of *Social Justice*, the weekly magazine Coughlin founded, the archbishop was told to go roll a hoop—that the magazine was a private business venture and not subject to requests from the archbishop or anyone else.

In the course of this series I shall present evidence that the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, behind his priestly robes, has been and is now engaged in activities which smack of common racketeering. I shall show that he has taken a place of worship, the Shrine of the Little Flower, and turned it into a Shrine of the Silver Dollar; that he has organized profit-making corporations and switched the stock, which he owned, to non-profit-making corporations which then sought exemption from taxation; that he has collected money through the United States mails upon his solemn assurance that it was for a "non-political organization" and then used almost $100,000 of such money to build a political organization; that he has taken his parish's money, which the Catholic Church permits him to bank in the parish's name, and used that to build a political organization; and that he has violated the laws of the state of Michigan by failing to turn in certain annual reports dealing with the amount of money his non-profit-making corporations have taken in.

There are numerous other aspects of his activities which I shall detail, including his anti-Semitic campaign and his secret conferences with Nazi agents and propagandists operating in this country. As the evidence is published, the documents, letters, and affidavits will be turned over to the various federal agencies like the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Post Office Department, and Department of Justice for such action as they find the law requires.

When I first started to look into the affairs of the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin I thought that he was a priest whose hatred of Communism



Wide World

CHARLES E. COUGHLIN, *who organized the peculiar corporations, "Social Justice Publishing Co., Inc.," "National Union for Social Justice, Inc.," "Radio League of the Little Flower, Inc.," "Social Justice Poor Society, Inc.," etc.*

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had led him to accept blindly propaganda sent out by the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda and that his anti-Semitic and anti-democratic campaigns over the radio and through the pages of *Social Justice* were simply due to a lack of knowledge. As I progressed in my study of his amazing affairs, I learned through documentary evidence that he was deliberately presenting false statements. By the time I got around to his corporations and their finances I was convinced that he was just a garden variety of racketeer who operated beautifully under his priestly garb with the Catholic Church unaware of many of his activities.

Before presenting the evidence I should like to state that under no circumstances is this series to be construed as an attack upon the Catholic Church and its millions of followers. I make this statement because in the past when the Reverend Coughlin was criticized, he tried to make it seem that the criticism or attack was directed against the Catholic Church and thus make it a religious issue instead of one in which he alone was involved.

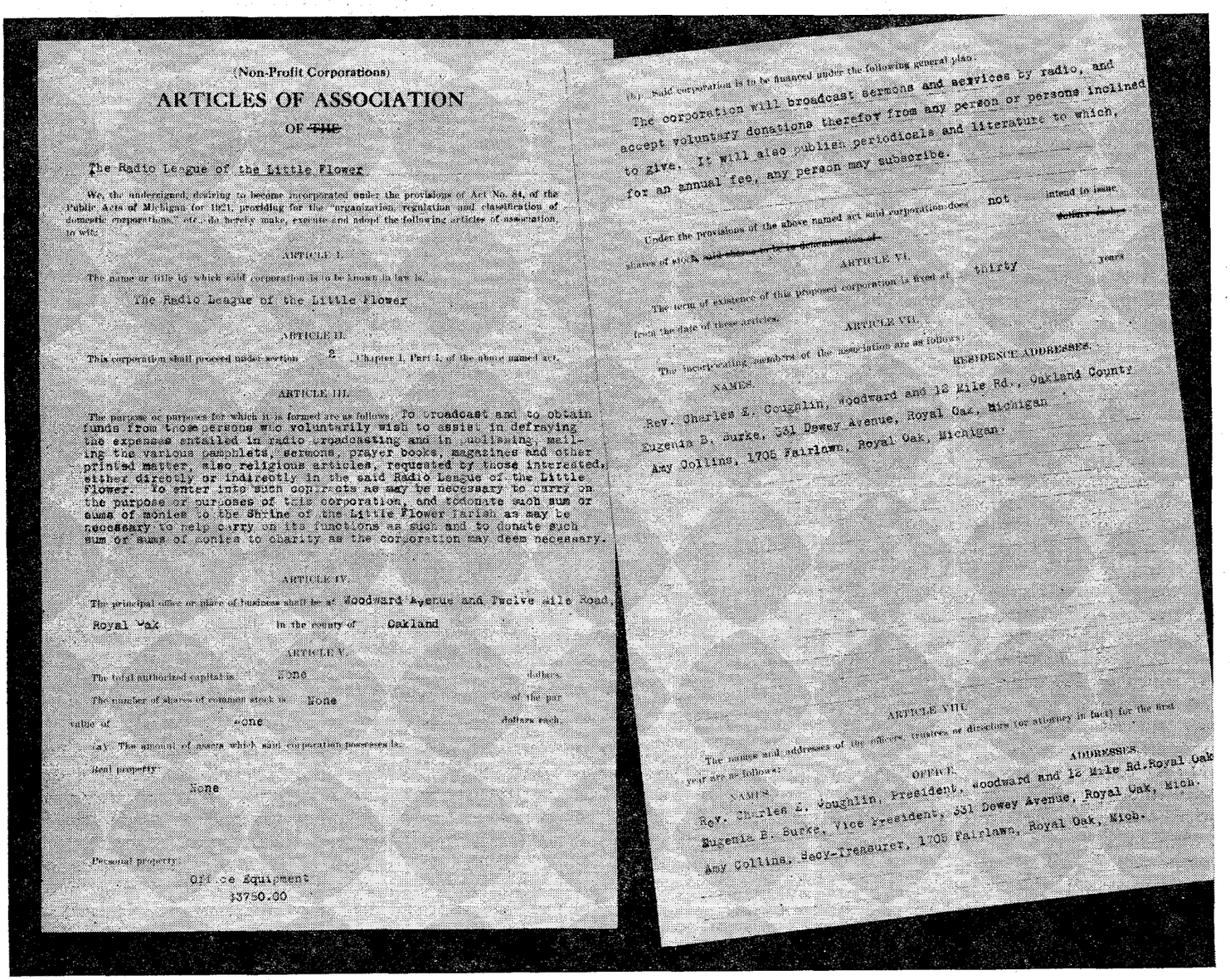
The two mediums by means of which he reaches most of his vast audience are the Social Justice Publishing Co., which issues the weekly magazine, and the Radio League of the Little Flower, through which he reaches his radio listeners. Each of these is a corporation organized by the priest and needs detailed explanation so the reader may see how it's worked. In this article I shall touch only on the incorporation of the magazine and the Radio League of the Little Flower, their ownership and control, how the magazine rebuffed the archbishop of Detroit when he tried to get a little truthfulness into it, and the strange company which handles Coughlin's nationwide broadcasts.

NOT A CHURCH PUBLICATION

Social Justice now has the enormous circulation of over one million copies with the priest plugging it over the air and by mail. Few of the subscribers realize that it is not an organ of the Catholic Church but a privately owned publication. The best way to show how far it is from the church, its indifference to presenting the truth, and how it tried to avoid tax payments on the grounds that it is a "non-profit making" outfit, is to quote from two letters.

The Oct. 18, 1937, issue of the magazine contained an article, "Why Father Coughlin Determined to Cancel Broadcast Contracts." The article was deliberately written so as to mislead its vast reading public. On the same day, immediately upon reading it, John M. Doyle, chancellor of the Archdiocese of Detroit, wrote to E. Perrin Schwartz, editor of the magazine, urging that a truthful picture be presented because it was the archbishop's job to see to it that Catholic readers are not misled. Let me quote from the chancellor's letter:

> This action of the archbishop is taken with a view to supplying the correct influence of full information and thus safeguarding your Catholic readers against misleading and disturbing inferences which the archbishop fears they might, without such full information, draw from your article.



(Non-Profit Corporations)

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION

OF ~~THE~~

The Radio League of the Little Flower

We, the undersigned, desiring to become incorporated under the provisions of Act No. 84, of the Public Acts of Michigan for 1921, providing for the "organization, regulation and classification of domestic corporations," etc., do hereby make, execute and adopt the following articles of association, to wit:

ARTICLE I.

The name or title by which said corporation is to be known in law is

The Radio League of the Little Flower

ARTICLE II.

This corporation shall proceed under section 2 Chapter I, Part 1, of the above named act.

ARTICLE III.

The purpose or purposes for which it is formed are as follows: To broadcast and to obtain funds from those persons who voluntarily wish to assist in defraying the expenses entailed in radio broadcasting and in publishing, mailing the various pamphlets, sermons, prayer books, magazines and other printed matter, also religious articles, requested by those interested, either directly or indirectly in the said Radio League of the Little Flower. To enter into such contracts as may be necessary to carry on the purpose or purposes of this corporation, and to donate such sum or sums of monies to the Shrine of the Little Flower Parish as may be necessary to help carry on its functions as such and to donate such sum or sums of monies to charity as the corporation may deem necessary.

ARTICLE IV.

The principal office or place of business shall be at Woodward Avenue and Twelve Mile Road, Royal Oak in the county of Oakland

ARTICLE V.

The total authorized capital is None dollars

The number of shares of common stock is None of the par value of None dollars each.

(a) The amount of assets which said corporation possesses is:

Real property

None

Personal property

Office Equipment

$3750.00

(b) Said corporation is to be financed under the following general plan:

The corporation will broadcast sermons and services by radio, and accept voluntary donations therefor from any person or persons inclined to give. It will also publish periodicals and literature to which, for an annual fee, any person may subscribe.

Under the provisions of the above named act and corporation does not intend to issue shares of stock ~~and therefore is non-commercial~~

ARTICLE VI.

The term of existence of this proposed corporation is first at thirty years from the date of these articles.

ARTICLE VII.

The incorporating members of the association are as follows:

NAMES	RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
Rev. Charles E. Coughlin	Woodward and 12 Mile Rd., Oakland County
Eugenia E. Burke	331 Dewey Avenue, Royal Oak, Michigan
Amy Collins	1705 Fairlawn, Royal Oak, Michigan

ARTICLE VIII

The names and addresses of the officers, trustees, or directors (or attorney in fact) for the first year are as follows:

NAMES	OFFICE	ADDRESSES
Rev. Charles E. Coughlin	President,	Woodward and 12 Mile Rd.,Royal Oak
Eugenia E. Burke	Vice President,	331 Dewey Avenue, Royal Oak, Mich.
Amy Collins	Secy-Treasurer,	1705 Fairlawn, Royal Oak, Mich.

THE LITTLE FLOWER ASSOCIATION. *The specific purposes for which the Radio League of the Little Flower is permitted to collect money make no mention of using collections to finance loans to political organizations. But the League has done that. The incorporators of the*

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The archbishop's directions in this matter are given in accordance with papal instructions regarding the supervision which an Ordinary must exercise over publications edited by Catholics within his diocese.

Because of these papal instructions, the letter states, "Archbishop Mooney urges me to direct you to publish in your next issue the exact text of the published statements of Father Coughlin and Archbishop Mooney touching matters referred to in your article."

Obviously all that the archbishop wanted was to get the truth before *Social Justice* readers.

Father Coughlin and his editor promptly rushed to Prewitt Semmes, Father Coughlin's personal attorney, and the lawyer replied rather bluntly:

As attorney for Social Justice Publishing Co., I have been directed by the officers of that corporation to reply to this letter.

I beg to inform you that the publication *Social Justice* is now and has always been published by Social Justice Publishing Co., a corporation chartered under the laws of the state of Michigan Feb. 13, 1936. It is not and never has been a Catholic publication. The corporation has among its employees Catholics resident within the Archdiocese of Detroit, of whom Mr. Schwartz is one, but these employees are not the publishers of *Social Justice*.

I am directed to inform you, and through you, his excellency, the archbishop of Detroit, that while the columns of *Social Justice* are open at all times for any contributions which the officers of the corporation feel will be of interest to its readers, the corporation will continue to edit and publish *Social Justice* without supervision of anyone except its own officers.

So much for *Social Justice's* attitude to papal instructions.

On March 5, 1937, a few months earlier, the treasurer of the Social Justice Publishing Co. wrote to the Michigan Unemployment Compensation Commission. In this letter she asks that the company be granted tax exemption because it is owned by a non-profit-making corporation named the Radio League of the Little Flower.

Let me quote from this letter:

Pursuant to the terms of the Unemployment Compensation Act, this corporation claims exemption from the taxing provisions thereof, upon its operations covering its initial period ending Dec. 31, 1936, as well as subsequent periods.

The stock of this corporation is wholly owned by the Radio League of the Little Flower, a Michigan non-profit corporation; the income neither inures to the benefit of any individual or individuals, directly or indirectly; and its operations do not constitute such as are specifically excepted from such exemption under the provisions of said act.

For the aforesaid reasons, among others, this corporation claims it should be accorded a non-taxable status and now seeks a ruling by your office.

I shall show in a subsequent article that the official assurance, "the income neither inures to the benefit of any individual or individuals, directly or indirectly," is false, for Father Coughlin has been taking money from the Radio League of the Little Flower and has even paid personal income tax on it, but for the time being let's see who the officers of both corporations are.

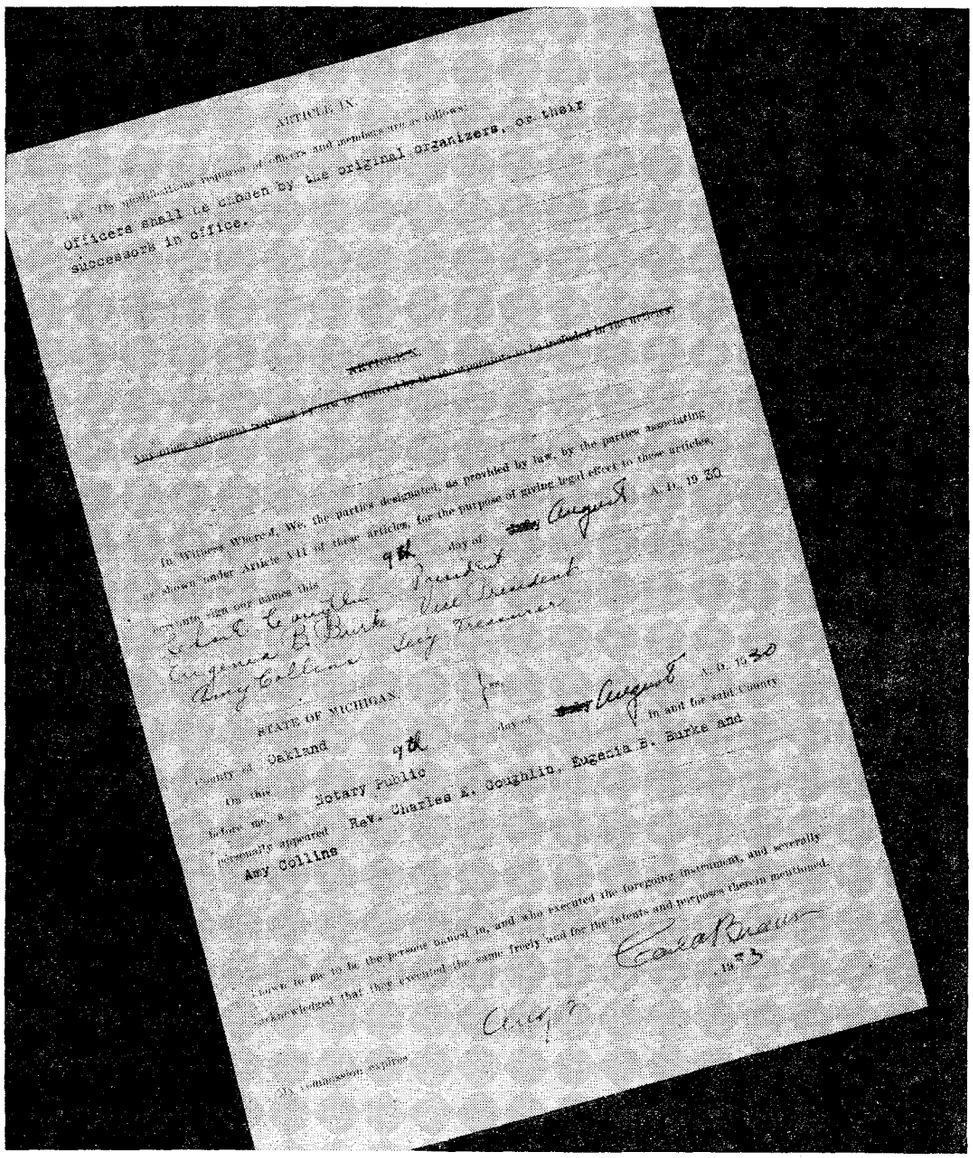
On Feb. 13, 1936, a fellow named Charles E. Coughlin incorporated a publishing venture which he called Social Justice Publishing Co. The corporation was recorded as one organized "for pecuniary profit" whose essential business would be publishing. The corporation, which means Charles E. Coughlin, authorized the issuance of five hundred shares of stock of no par value and fixed the price for sale at $100 a share.

In the state of Michigan you can't start a corporation for profit with less than $1,000, so Charles E. Coughlin took ten shares of this stock which he said was worth $100 a share and thus had the $1,000 necessary to go into business. He was the one and only stockholder in the concern. The address of the incorporator was given as 12 Mile Road and Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, which is the same address as the Shrine of the Little Flower.

DUMMY DIRECTORS

Corporations usually have a board of directors. In this instance, since Charles E. Coughlin was the sole stockholder, he called a meeting with himself and elected three members to a Board of Directors. Those three, all of Royal Oak, were Charles E. Coughlin, Eugenia Burke, and Amy Collins. Both Eugenia and Amy were and are Father Coughlin's secretaries.

I might add that it is quite customary for the big business boys who know the "highest tricks of banking and stock manipulation," to use what are technically known as "dummies" for officers and directors. We shall come across these two gals repeatedly in the course of the strange financial manipulations engineered by Father Coughlin and I


Officers shall be chosen by the original organizers, or their successors in office.

In Witness Whereof, We, the parties designated, as provided by law, by the parties associating as above under Article VII of these articles, for the purpose of giving legal effect to these articles, have hereunto set our hands this 9th day of August A. D. 19 36

Rev. Charles E. Coughlin President
Eugenia B. Burke Vice President
Amy Collins Secy Treasurer

STATE OF MICHIGAN } ss.
County of Oakland } 9th day of August A. D. 1936

On this 9th day of August A. D. 1936 before me, a Notary Public in and for said County personally appeared Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, Eugenia B. Burke and Amy Collins

to me to be the persons named in, and who executed the foregoing instrument, and severally acknowledged that they executed the same freely and for the purposes therein mentioned.

Notary Public

My commission expires

Radio League are Silver Charlie and two employees, one of them "Half-Million-Ounces-of-Silver" Amy Collins.

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shall deal with them in their proper place. Here I want only to mention that Amy Collins, also known sometimes as Amy Pigeon, is the same gal who held 500,000 ounces of silver for Father Coughlin when he was orating "for the poor unemployed" but actually trying to raise the price of silver which he had bought on a 10 percent margin in the market which he was publicly denouncing. Later I'll go into where he got the money for these gambling activities. Every time Silver Charlie orated and the price of silver went up 1 cent he made $5,000.

One of the tricks a big business boy uses when he wants to control a corporation on which he has rigged a set of dummy officers and directors, is to get the signed but undated resignations of the dummies in his pocket—just in case. Then if a dummy gets funny the big business baby just dates the resignation and the officer or board member is out in the cold. Whether Silver Charlie has these resignations I don't know, but from the way he's learned the tricks I don't imagine he's taking a chance on his secretaries putting one over on him with some unexpected majority ruling.

These were the officers at the end of 1936. In 1937, when the officers of Social Justice Publishing Co. told the archbishop of Detroit to take a runout powder, the officers had not changed. The Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin was president, Eugenia Burke was vice president and secretary, and "Half-Million-Ounces-of-Silver" Amy was treasurer. The same trio were also the directors. The officers of the Radio League of the Little Flower, which Amy Collins says owns *Social Justice* magazine (I shall go into its finances and control, too, in a subsequent article) in the year 1937 when this slap occurred, were as follows: president, Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin; vice president, Eugenia B. Burke; secretary-treasurer, Amy Collins. The directors were: Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin, Eugenia B. Burke, Amy Collins.

OUTSIDERS NOT WANTED

This corporation, which has taken in hundreds of thousands of dollars and owned *Social Justice,* was beautifully tied up, so that no one they didn't want could possibly get a finger in the pie. Article IX of the Articles of Association of the Radio League provides specifically: "Officers shall be chosen by the original organizers or their successors in office."

This corporation operates under a specific grant which was clearly stated when it was incorporated. I shall quote it in full because, unless I am very much mistaken, there's a little question involved of using the United States mails to defraud, and that's a serious business, for the postal officials are bad boys to mess around with.

The purposes for which it was incorporated and collects the shekels follow:

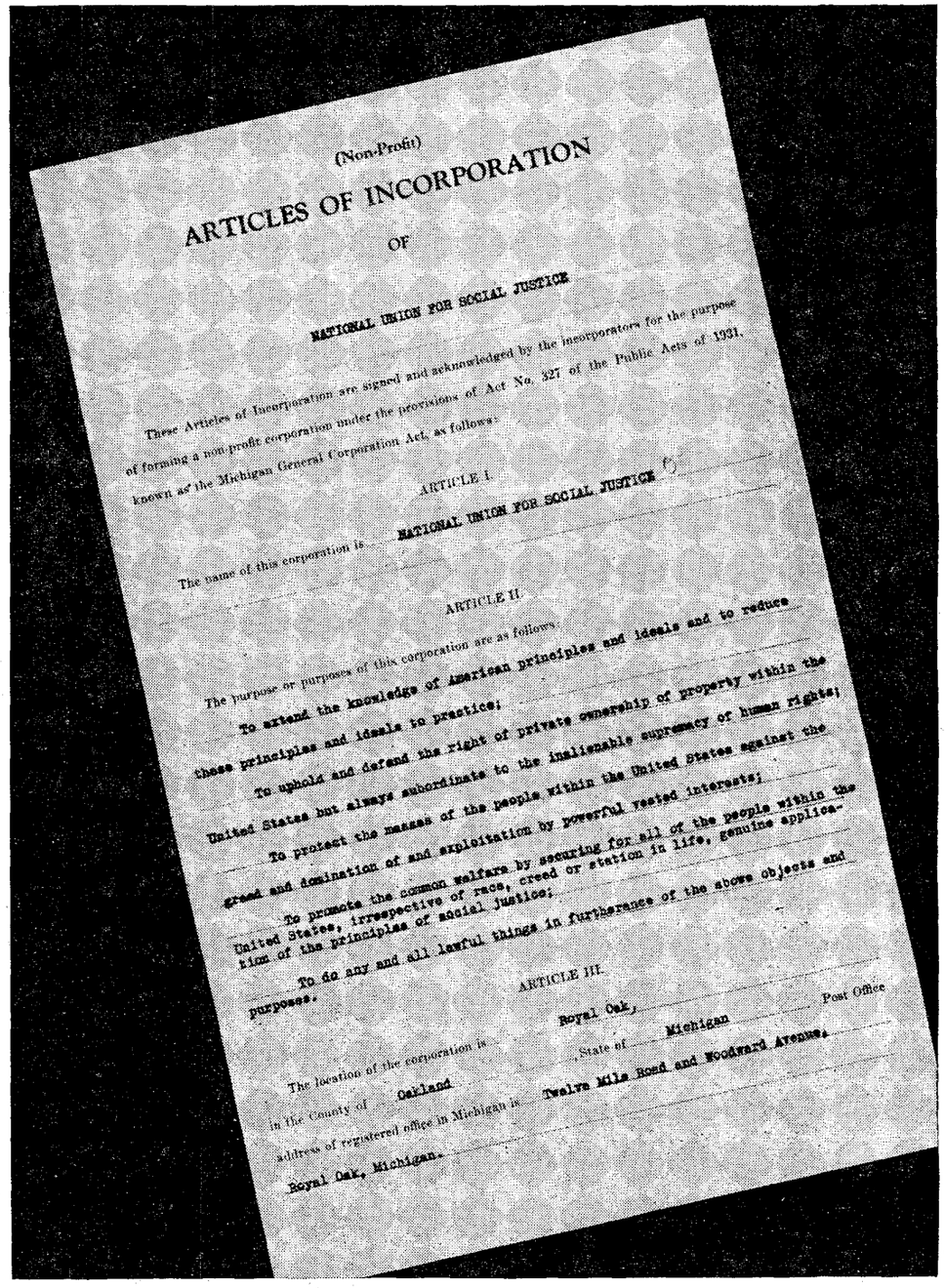
> To broadcast and to obtain funds from those persons who voluntarily wish to assist in defraying the expenses entailed in radio broadcasting and in publishing, mailing the various pamphlets, sermons, prayer books, magazines, and other printed matter, also religious articles requested by those interested, either directly or indirectly, in the said Radio League of the Little Flower. To enter into such contracts as may be necessary to carry on the purpose or purposes of this corporation, and to donate such sum or sums of monies to the Shrine of the Little Flower Parish as may be necessary to help carry on its functions as such and to donate such sum or sums of monies to charity as the corporation may deem necessary.

After a close scrutiny of these purposes for which the Radio League was incorporated I have been unable to find anywhere any power permitting this corporation to collect money for the purposes stated and then loan that money to build a political organization. In fact, Father Coughlin has collected money for the Radio League of the Little Flower with the definite assurance that it is a "non-political organization" and then used that money to build a political organization.

The application card for membership in this Radio League of the Little Flower which the priest is pushing states definitely:

> You are invited to join this non-political organization in defending the principles of Christianity and of Patriotism and to assist in bringing back to the fold those who have fallen away.

Personally, I think that's a very pretty sentiment; it reminds me of the racketeers



(Non-Profit)

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

OF

NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

These Articles of Incorporation are signed and acknowledged by the incorporators for the purpose of forming a non-profit corporation under the provisions of Act No. 327 of the Public Acts of 1931, known as the Michigan General Corporation Act, as follows:

ARTICLE I.

The name of this corporation is NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

ARTICLE II.

The purpose or purposes of this corporation are as follows:

To extend the knowledge of American principles and ideals and to reduce these principles and ideals to practice;

To uphold and defend the right of private ownership of property within the United States but always subordinate to the inalienable supremacy of human rights;

To protect the masses of the people within the United States against the greed and domination of and exploitation by powerful vested interests;

To promote the common welfare by securing for all of the people within the United States, irrespective of race, creed or station in life, genuine application of the principles of social justice;

To do any and all lawful things in furtherance of the above objects and purposes.

ARTICLE III.

The location of the corporation is Royal Oak, Post Office

in the County of Oakland State of Michigan

Address of registered office in Michigan is Twelve Mile Road and Woodward Avenue, Royal Oak, Michigan.

NATIONAL UNION FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE INCORPORATES. *The address of the political organization is that of the tax-exempt Shrine of the Little Flower, a church tax-exempt chiefly because it doesn't mix in affairs of state. A big political organization which collected almost*

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ARTICLE IV

Said corporation is organized upon a Non-stock (stock or non-stock)

~~If upon a stock basis fill in the following:~~

~~(a)~~

~~The total number of shares of stock which the corporation is authorized to issue is~~

~~The number of shares of stock which have been subscribed is~~

~~(b)~~

If upon a non-stock basis strike out paragraph (a) above and fill in the following:

The amount of assets which said corporation possesses is

Real property: NONE.

Personal property: NONE.

Said corporation is to be financed under the following general plan:

By voluntary contributions solely.

ARTICLE V

The names and places of residence, or business, of each of the incorporators ~~and (if a corporation) organized upon a stock basis, the number of shares of common stock subscribed by each~~ are as follows:

NAMES	RESIDENCE OR BUSINESS ADDRESS	~~NUMBER OF SHARES~~
Charles E. Coughlin,	12 Mile Rd. & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.	~~NONE~~
Marie Rhodes,	12 Mile Rd. & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.	~~NONE~~
Dorothy Rhodes,	12 Mile Rd. & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.	~~NONE~~

ARTICLE VI

The names and addresses of the first board of directors (or trustees) are as follows:

NAME	ADDRESS
Charles E. Coughlin,	12 Mile Rd. & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.
Marie Rhodes,	12 Mile Rd. & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.
Dorothy Rhodes,	12 Mile Rd. & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.

ARTICLE VII

The term of this corporation is fixed at _____ years.

ARTICLE VIII

(Here insert any desired additional provisions authorized by the Act)

The Board of Trustees shall have power to make, alter, amend and repeal the By-Laws of the corporation.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the incorporators have signed these Articles of Incorporation this 11th day of December, A. D. 1934

/ Charles E. Coughlin

/ Marie Rhodes

/ Dorothy Rhodes

STATE OF MICHIGAN }
COUNTY OF Oakland } ss.

On this 11th day of December, A. D. 1934, before me a Notary Public in and for said County, personally appeared

/ Charles E. Coughlin, Marie Rhodes and Dorothy Rhodes

to me known to be the persons named in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and severally acknowledged that they executed the same freely and for the intents and purposes therein mentioned.

Filed - Dec. 12, 1934. Eugene B. Burke
Notary Public,
Oakland County, Michigan.
My commission expires March 23rd, 1935.

$1,000,000 is founded in typical Silver Charlie Coughlin style: the priest himself and two employees who are now working on "Social Justice" magazine. The board of directors are the same trio. Coughlin sewed up the by-laws to keep the others from horning in on the million-dollar proposition.

in patriotism. The important thing about it is that it contains the signed assurances that it is a "non-political organization." These assurances went through the United States mails and money to this organization came through the United States mails. Now, let's see how this corporation used some of the money collected upon assurances that it was a "non-political organization."

On Dec. 12, 1934, Silver Charlie incorporated another "non-profit-making" corporation known as the National Union for Social Justice, a political organization which later gave birth to the Coughlin-Lemke Union Party. By means of this party Silver Charlie hoped that he would get enough votes to have the balance of power between the two major political parties in the country. I shall deal with the National Union for Social Justice in detail in a separate article; for the moment I wish to show only that this corporation was a typical Coughlin outfit.

THE INCORPORATORS

There were three incorporators who were also the board of directors. All of them gave their address as 12 Mile Road and Woodward Ave., Royal Oak—which is the address of the Shrine of the Little Flower, which is exempt from taxation because it is a church and not the headquarters of a political organization. The incorporators, as usual, were Silver Charlie and two of his employees, Marie Rhodes and Dorothy Rhodes. Both of them are now employed by the Social Justice Publishing Co. Marie (Social Security Card No. 377-18-2129), after all the confidential work she has done for the priest, has been raised to a $35-a-week salary and Dorothy (Social Security Card No. 377-16-3163) has finally achieved a salary of $33 a week. These were the incorporators of a political organization which was to make the established parties holler uncle. Dorothy handled almost $1,000,000 which the believers were instructed to send in addressed personally to Silver Charlie. Later I'll tell how this million-dollar brainchild started business with nothing —and I don't mean $5—I mean nothing, not a red cent.

When this political organization was in-

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"Golden Hour of the Little Flower"

Radio League of the Little Flower

Royal Oak, Mich.

To Inform You:

1. This league is composed of Catholics, Protestants and Jews as well as non-religionists.
2. Its objectives: To spread truth, to oppose injustice, to advocate charity.
3. Its method: To employ the facilities of broadcasting stations at their regular commercial rates.
4. Obligations: Those who join this league are the sponsors of the broadcasting which originates from the Shrine of the Little Flower.
   You are invited to join this non-political organization in defending the principles of Christianity and of Patriotism and to assist in bringing back to the fold those who have fallen away.
5. Fee: $1.00 per broadcasting season per person.
6. Benefits: Remembrance in the daily mass offered at Calvary Hill, Jerusalem.

You may enroll your departed loved ones as a token of fond remembrance. Have their membership card sent to your address.

Cordially yours,

Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin

Application Card

(Write Address Plainly)

Wishing to take part in the activities of the Radio League of the Little Flower, I hereby make application to become one of its members.

Herewith is enclosed _____ dollar (s) as membership fee for the Radio League of the Little Flower for the person (s) listed below:

Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____

Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____

Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____

Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____

Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____

National Union for Social Justice, Inc.

Royal Oak, Michigan

Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin
President

February 26, 1937

Hon. South Trimble
Clerk of the House
Washington, D. C.

Honorable and dear Sir:

Enclosed herewith is the cumulative report of receipts and expenditures of the National Union for Social Justice for the period of January 1, 1936 thru December 31, 1936, filed in accordance with the provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925.

This is a final statement. No further statements will be rendered as the National Union for Social Justice is no longer operative.

Very truly yours,

Dorothy Pfeiffer

Ass't. Treasurer

CITY & STATE	AMOUNT	TOTAL
Total of the items listed on Sheets 1 thru 311	266,748.75	
Ash. Workers Union, Local 417, Chicago, Ill.	100.00	
Buckland-Van Wald, 1045 Shelby Street, Detroit, Mich.	193.00	267,041.75
Receipts resulting from the Convention and Mass Meetings held at:-		
Cleveland, Ohio		
Refunds (8 @ $2.50 each) of payments for Program Ads	3,219.30)	
Waterbury, Conn.	20.00)	
West Haven, Conn.	116.63	
Chicago, Ill.	669.10	
Indianapolis, Ind.	17,933.20	
Boston, Mass.	601.75	
Springfield, Mass.	3,283.50	
Detroit, Mich.	1,666.40	
St. Paul, Minn.	1,391.37	
St. Louis, Mo.	1,905.12	
Camden, N. J.	32.00	
Newburg, N. Y.	18.10	
Syracuse, N. Y.	3,003.00	
Philadelphia, Pa.	2,400.11	
Pittsburgh, Pa.	1.00	
West Allis, Wisc.	67.47	
	9,536.08	49,549.89
Receipts resulting from Loans by:-		
Congressional District #10, Chicago, Ill.	1,000.00	
Radio League of the Little Flower, Royal Oak, Mich.	99,192.17	
Sainte Therese Parish, Royal Oak, Mich.	2,000.00	
Social Justice Publishing Company, Royal Oak, Mich.	10,000.00	112,192.17
Total of the above receipts		428,773.81
Total of receipts of less than $100.00 each		295,073.37
Grand Total		$723,847.18

NO POLITICS. *On the application blank and statement at the left Silver Charlie Coughlin seeks money with the promise that it's a "non-political organization" but here at the right is the letter to the United States government and the official statement of the political organization, the National Union for Social Justice, showing that over $99,000 of Radio League money was loaned to build a political party. Silver Charlie also used "Social Justice" and his own parish's money to build the same political organization.*

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corporated, completely in the hands of Silver Charlie and his two employees, it needed money to start operations. Silver Charlie took $2,000 of his church's money, Sainte Therese Parish, and loaned it to the National Union for Social Justice. The Catholic Church permits its priests to handle church money by banking it in the name of the parish. This church and its money are exempt from taxation because they are supposed to be used for church purposes and not for political purposes. The separation of the church and the state in this country is very sharp and distinct.

Then Silver Charlie took $99,192.17 (I don't know what the 17 cents were for) of the money sent in by those who believed that the Radio League of the Little Flower was a "non-political organization" and loaned that to the National Union for Social Justice. Then he took $10,000 of *Social Justice* magazine money which is owned, according to Half-Million-Ounces-of-Silver Amy, by the Radio League and loaned that to the political organization which he and two of his stenogs controlled.

FEDERAL OFFENSE

I think that the Catholic Church is quite competent to deal with a priest who uses parish money entrusted to his care for political purposes and to decide whether it constitutes a violation of canon law for which he can be suspended. I shall leave that problem to the church. What interests me is that he collected money through the United States mails for a "non-political organization" and then used it for a political organization. I have heard that there are severe prison penalties for using the mails to defraud.

Before I go into his strange financial operations, I think the reader should know a little about the company which arranges the broadcasts by means of which Silver Charlie's golden voice reaches his millions of listeners. I shall take up the radio angle in detail, too; at present I just want to introduce you to Aircasters, Inc., whose president tells the world that it is just an advertising agency which happens to handle Father Coughlin's radio time and for which it gets its regular 15 percent commission like any other agency. Like so many of those close to Silver Charlie, there's something screwy about it, so let's drop in on Stanley G. Boynton, president of Aircasters, Inc.

In the space of two years this advertising agency which specializes in radio moved three times, each time into more swanky quarters. Today its main headquarters are Suite 423 in the New Center Building in Detroit.

BOYNTON AND GIBSON

Stanley G. Boynton, president of the corporation, and J. H. Gibson, secretary, came out of their offices almost simultaneously when I walked in. Boynton, a medium sized, middle aged man with thin hair and a ruddy complexion, looked inquiringly at me. I was immediately struck by his dress. The suit and worn shoes which he wore were not the attire of the president of an advertising agency doing a national business.

"I'm from NEW MASSES," I said to Boynton.

"The NEW MASSES?" he repeated. "What kind of product is that?"

"Opinions vary," I grinned. "It's a magazine. I'd like an interview."

"Oh, an interview." He clasped my hand almost affectionately, and introduced me to Jack Gibson, a cheery, rotund person with a perpetual twinkle in his eyes. "Sure. Oh, sure. What do you want to know?"

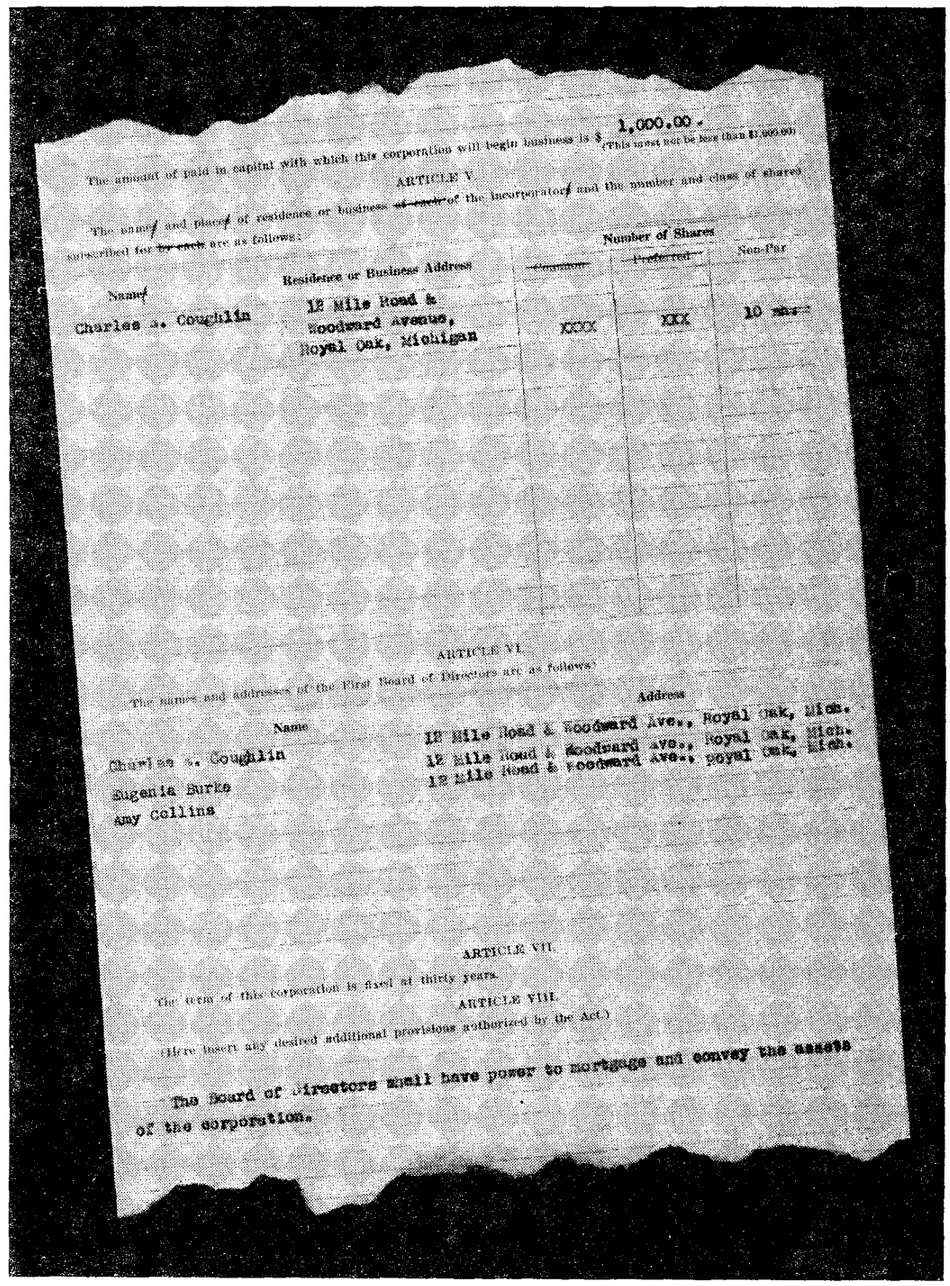
"Just some stuff about the Father Coughlin broadcasts, your organization, and so on."

"Certainly. Certainly. Glad to give you boys what you want. Come right in."

He and Gibson ushered me into his private office. Gibson slouched into an easy chair and eyed me with an amused air. Boynton put his feet on his big desk and leaned back in his chair. I felt that any minute he'd pull out a cigar; somehow his position, his feet on the desk, and his expansive air required a cigar; but he just pulled out a weak little cigarette.

"JUST AN ADVERTISING AGENCY"

"Yes, sir," he began as soon as I took out a pencil and some paper to take notes, "there is one thing I ought to set you straight on before we start. This is just an advertising agency, just like any other advertising agency, only we specialize in radio broadcasting. I want this made clear. Because we handle Father Coughlin's time on the air people



The amount of paid in capital with which this corporation will begin business is $ 1,000.00 (This must not be less than $1,000.00)

ARTICLE V

The name and place of residence or business of each of the incorporators and the number and class of shares subscribed for by each are as follows:

Name	Residence or Business Address	Number of Shares Common	Preferred	Non-Par
Charles E. Coughlin	12 Mile Road & Woodward Avenue, Royal Oak, Michigan	XXXX	XXX	10 shs.

ARTICLE VI

The names and addresses of the First Board of Directors are as follows:

Name	Address
Charles E. Coughlin	12 Mile Road & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.
Eugenia Burke	12 Mile Road & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.
Amy Collins	12 Mile Road & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Mich.

ARTICLE VII

The term of this corporation is fixed at thirty years.

ARTICLE VIII

(Here insert any desired additional provisions authorized by the Act.)

The Board of Directors shall have power to mortgage and convey the assets of the corporation.

PRIVATE VENTURE. *The big private publishing venture of "Social Justice" magazine which Silver Charlie Coughlin launched as the sole incorporator and stockholder, and the Board of Directors—Silver Charlie and two employees.*

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think we're different from other advertising agencies . . ."

He went on like this for a minute or two without interruption. The twinkle in Gibson's eyes became more pronounced. Boynton seemed very anxious to get the idea across that his was just an advertising agency which happened to get the Coughlin business.

"What I want to know is, who sponsors these broadcasts," I said.

"That's another thing," said Boynton amiably. "Get this straight. Father Coughlin doesn't sponsor the broadcasts. *Social Justice* magazine sponsors them. It's a circulation scheme for the magazine, just like the sponsor of any product puts people on the air to call attention to the product."

"Does *Social Justice* pay him for the talks?"

Boynton looked at Gibson. Gibson looked at Boynton and then Gibson said, "I don't see what that's got to do with us——"

"I don't know if the magazine pays him," said Boynton. "That has nothing to do with us——"

"Don't you handle the account?"

"We don't pay him," said Boynton definitely.

"I see. How old is Aircasters, Inc.?"

"NOTHING TO DO WITH HIM"

"About two years—it's the outgrowth of an old advertising agency. You see, you want to get this straight. We have nothing to do with Father Coughlin. We simply clear him through here, just as any other advertising agency would——"

"You just get a percentage——"

"That's right. Fifteen percent. The regular commission."

"You're not working for Father Coughlin or *Social Justice* magazine?"

"Oh, no! No! No!" he exclaimed, taking his feet off the desk and looking at Gibson, who didn't stir from his lolling position. "We just clear time for him, that's all, just like any other advertising agency——"

"Yes, you told me."

"We function like an advertising agency," he persisted. "We have no relation with the Catholic Church, Father Coughlin, or the magazine except as the agency to clear Father Coughlin's speeches. The client pays for the time."

"Who does the paying?"

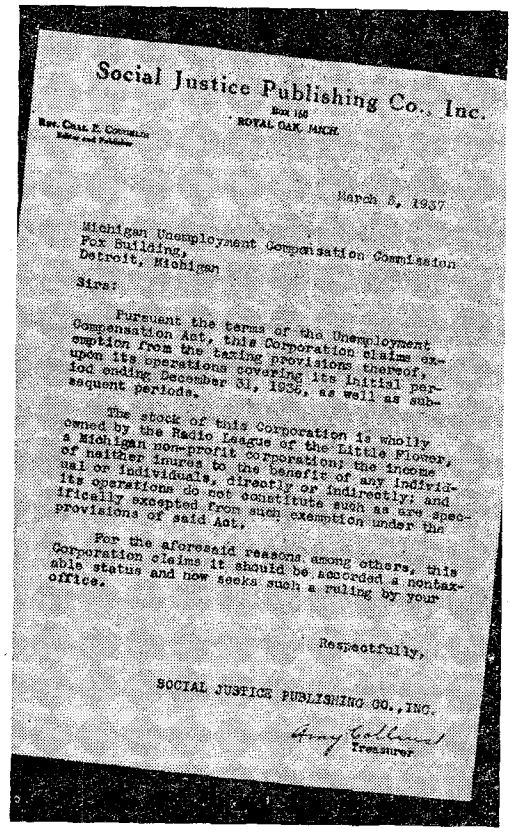
"*Social Justice* magazine."

"And who owns *Social Justice* magazine?"

"I—I——" He looked at Gibson, whose eyes twinkled merrily. "I don't know who owns it. I suppose a corporation. But we get our money from *Social Justice*."

"You yourself don't work for *Social Justice* magazine?"

"No, sir!" he said emphatically. "Never worked for them. My background can be checked easily. I've been in the advertising business for twenty-five years. Before this organization was established I was a solicitor for WJR, the Good Will Station. Previous to that I had an agency in Detroit, my own agency——"



Social Justice Publishing Co., Inc.
Box 168
ROYAL OAK, MICH.

Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin
Editor and Publisher

March 8, 1937

Michigan Unemployment Compensation Commission
Fox Building,
Detroit, Michigan

Sirs:

Pursuant the terms of the Unemployment Compensation Act, this Corporation claims exemption from the taxing provisions thereof, upon its operations covering its initial period ending December 31, 1936, as well as subsequent periods.

The stock of this Corporation is wholly owned by the Radio League of the Little Flower, a Michigan non-profit corporation; the income of neither inures to the benefit of any individual or individuals, directly or indirectly, and its operations do not constitute such as are specifically excepted from such exemption under the provisions of said Act.

For the aforesaid reasons among others, this Corporation claims it should be accorded a nontaxable status and now seeks such a ruling by your office.

Respectfully,

SOCIAL JUSTICE PUBLISHING CO., INC.

Amy Collins
Treasurer

NOW THE LEAGUE OWNS IT. *"Half-Million-Ounces-of-Silver" Amy Collins wants "Social Justice" magazine exempt from taxation because it's really owned by the Radio League of the Little Flower.*

"That's too bad," I said half to myself.

"What is?" Boynton asked quickly.

"*Social Justice* magazine violating federal laws. Federal penalties are pretty stiff——"

Gibson sat upright in his chair, the amused twinkle gone. Boynton's face took on a startled expression.

"I don't get it," said the president of Aircasters, Inc. "I don't get it at all."

"There's a federal law which requires publishers of periodicals to list the owners, editors, and stockholders of publications going through the mails. In the issue of March 8, 1938, your name appears as general manager of the magazine. But you say that you never worked for them. Consequently, the statement they issued is fraudulent, and the penalty for false statements——"

"Oh, *that*!" said Boynton quickly. "Oh, I remember that. There was some talk about my taking over the management of *Social Justice* but I wouldn't accept. My name was used for two or three issues but it was taken off right away——"

"Then you never were general manager or had anything to do with the magazine?"

"No, sir. We discussed it but it didn't go through."

"I see; then what you are saying is that the owners of *Social Justice* turned in a false report to the federal authorities——"

"Say," he interrupted. Gibson stirred uneasily in his chair. "I *didn't* say that."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Maybe I didn't understand you. Just what did you say?"

"Well—the thing is—now, you got to get this straight——"

"That's what I'm trying to do. Now let's see if we can get it straight. You say you never worked for *Social Justice* magazine. Is that right?"

"Ye-e-s," he said.

"You were never general manager?"

"Well——"

"Were you?"

"No. We only discussed it——"

"That's what I thought you said. Now, the magazine filed a statement sworn to before a notary which stated that you were the general manager. This, then, was a deliberate falsehood and in violation of the federal laws——"

"Say, I'm not going to get involved in this!" he exclaimed, looking helplessly at Gibson, who had risen and was pacing the floor nervously. "Jack, what do you think?"

"I don't see what all this has to do with the interview," said Gibson finally.

"All right, let's try it from another angle. You say you never got any money from *Social Justice* magazine?"

"That's absolutely right. Never! Except agent's commissions——"

"I understand that. I mean you never got any money as an individual employed by *Social Justice* magazine."

"Never!" He held his right hand up as if taking an oath.

"Would you mind getting your social security card from your files?"

"My what? What for?"

"Mind if I see it?"

"Certainly I mind. Why should I show it to you?"

"Because you will find that your social security card shows that you have been and are right now an employee of *Social Justice* magazine——"

Boynton stared at me, his face a bit pale.

"Your social security card number is 378-01-8887—am I right? In 1938 you were on the payroll. In 1939 you are on the payroll. In both of these years you were president of this corporation. In the first quarter of 1939 you were paid $600 salary——"

ON THE SPOT

"Jack," said Boynton, a bit excited, "this is not an interview. It's an investigation and we're on the spot!"

"The investigation is over," I smiled, "and I do think you're on the spot. Now what about these social security card payments?"

"I don't know anything about them!"

"You never got paid by them?"

"No, sir!"

"Now, as you say, let's get it straight. What you are saying is that *Social Justice* magazine is handing in false statements, claiming to be paying money to people who never got it——"

"Say, look here," Boynton interrupted. "You can't do this to me. I'm not going to get caught in the middle of this rack—this situation. You can't make me say that Father

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Coughlin is handling the finances of the magazine in a criminal manner——"

"I'm not trying to make you say anything. What I want to know is, are you or are you not on the payroll of the magazine?"

"I'm not going to talk about that any more," he announced excitedly. "What has this got to do with Aircasters?"

"I'm just trying to find out who really owns this corporation. Either you are on the payroll of the magazine or you are not. If you insist that you are not you are accusing *Social Justice* magazine of turning in false reports——".

"Jack," said Boynton, nervously, "I tell you we're on the spot."

"Na-a-h," said Gibson easily. "What are you getting flustered about? Don't you remember how you got that $600?" He turned to me and said smoothly, "I know how that got on the *Social Justice* lists. They asked him for advice and paid him personally instead of paying the corporation. It was personal service he was giving them——"

"Why, of course," exclaimed Boynton delightedly. "Now I remember. Of course. I'm frequently called in for consultation by clients who pay me individually instead of the corporation. Maybe they marked the payment as salary instead of advice. I don't know. I'm not responsible for the way they keep their books. Maybe they found it easier to list the payment as salary. I don't know. That's their business."

Both Gibson and Boynton grinned at me, greatly relieved now that their recollection had been refreshed.

"Then these payments were made to you personally?"

"Personally," said Boynton. "Just to me —for advice."

"And you are frequently consulted by clients who pay you personally and not the corporation?"

"Yes, sir! A number of clients. I'm not responsible for how they mark the payments on their books, am I?"

"Of course not. But, if you got those payments personally, why didn't you include them in your personal income tax report?"

INCOME TAX BOGY

Boynton stared at me for a moment and then jumped up excitedly. "God Almighty!" he exclaimed, waving his hands in Gibson's general direction.

"I wouldn't answer any more questions," Gibson interrupted quickly.

Boynton paused in his agitated waving and turned upon me.

"Say, who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm from NEW MASSES, don't you remember? I just want to find out who really owns this outfit."

"I do," he exclaimed desperately. "All of it!"

"How many shares of stock did you issue?"

"That isn't necessary," Gibson interrupted before he could answer.

"All right. Who owns this stock?"

"I do. All of it."

"Any associates?"

"Yes, Gibson here. He's secretary."

"What happened to Arthur and E. G. Lenfesty of New Baltimore, Mich., who were officers and directors when you first organized?"

"Oh," said Boynton.

"Oh," said Gibson.

"He bought them out," said Gibson, for by this time Boynton was just waving his hands and glaring in all directions while Gibson periodically advised him to take it easy.

"For how much?"

"I can't tell that. It's corporation business."

"Well, now, let's see. According to your books you authorized the issuance of a thousand shares of common stock at $10 par value——"

"I don't know anything about that," said Boynton. "Gibson here handles the funds."

"But I thought you said you own everything. Don't you know what you own?"

"Yes, of course," he shouted. "We authorized a thousand shares of stock."

"Now, out of these you own a hundred shares valued at $1,000. Your books do not show that you sold or transferred any of these shares to anyone else. So how did you buy out the Lenfestys?"

"That was done between the two of them," said Gibson quickly before Boynton could answer. "He sold Lenfesty some stock and then bought it back at the same price."

"Why didn't you note the sale on your books? And why didn't you report it to the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission?"

"Jack, I'm not going to take the rap for this——" Boynton began frantically.

"Take it easy," Gibson cautioned.

"Well, why didn't you record the exchange of those shares you say Lenfesty had?"

"I didn't think it was necessary."

"Now let's see. You started this corporation without a single dollar in cash. Since you had to have a minimum of $1,000 to start a profit-making corporation in this state you put up 'property' in the form of what you pleasantly called a 'library' which was valued at $1,000. That 'library' consisted of a prospectus you say you drew up for a client. Who placed the value of $1,000 on that?"

"I did," said Boynton weakly.

"Now your books show that you've lost money. Since no other stock was sold to anyone else, you did not get in cash from that source. Where did you get that money?"

"I told you not to answer any more questions," said Gibson sharply.

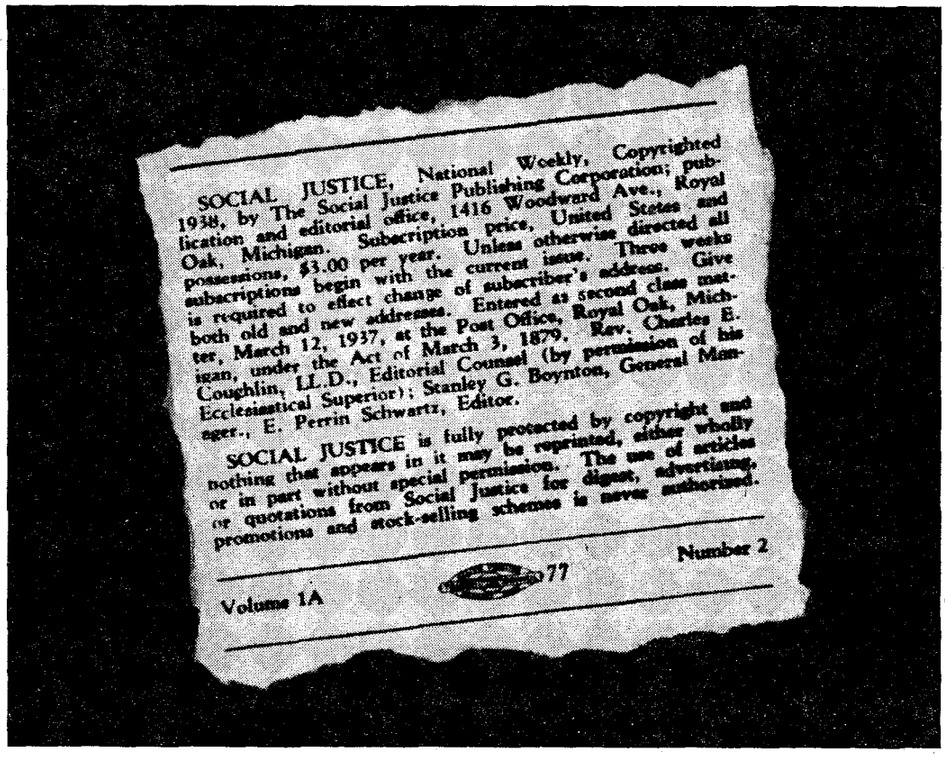
"That's right. I won't," shouted Boynton excitedly.

"Okay by me," I said, picking up my hat. "I think you've said enough anyway."

JOHN L. SPIVAK.

END OF FIRST ARTICLE

(Next week John L. Spivak tells of his interview with the editor of "Social Justice" magazine and presents more documents about another corporation, this time a "Poor Society" which the priest organized and the strange business it is in.)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Volume 1A 77 Number 2

AGENCY OR EMPLOYEE? *Stanley G. Boynton, president of Aircasters, Inc., which arranges the Coughlin broadcasts, swears he never had and does not now have any connection with "Social Justice" magazine. The official records contradict him.*

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Gropper

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Martin Dies' Union Busting Plan

Morris Kamman shows how the open shop drive followed the Palmer raids back in 1920. How Dies now uses the same trick. The second of two articles.

THE real offensive—the campaign to smash the American Federation of Labor—opened up almost immediately after Attorney General Palmer's raids on the Communists and progressives. The technique had already been worked out. It will be recalled from my preceding article that the isolation and consequent suppression of Communists, Socialists, and progressives had been accomplished by pronouncing them alien and dangerous elements which were plotting to overthrow the government. Reaction's next step was to incite public opinion against the trade unions by calling them Communist-led, and by labeling every strike an anti-American plot.

The great steel strike of more than 365,000 workers, begun in September 1919, was largely defeated by this method. The Inter-Church World Movement said that the strike was an "orthodox American Federation of Labor affair," but agents of the Department of Justice yelled that the Communists were using it to start a revolution, and steel plants issued handbills calling for violence against foreign born workers under the inflammatory headline, "WAKE UP, AMERICANS!" On January 8, six days after Palmer's raids on the Communist Party, the steel strike had to be called off.

In the spring of the same year, forty thousand railroad yardmen struck against oppressive conditions. Palmer came to the aid of the railroad corporations, declaring, "this strike has the . . . manifestation of the working out of the program of the International Communist Party . . ." This strike also was defeated. Hypocritically, Palmer claimed he was defending "honest labor organizations" from "the [Communist] menace."

DIES SAYS SO TOO

Martin Dies also poses as a friend of honest labor. In March 1937, when CIO and AFL unions battled the corporations with effective sitdown strikes, Dies called on Congress to apply the Sherman Anti-Trust Act against the strikers, and to appoint a special committee to investigate those who led them. After bellowing that these strikes were "un-American," he declaimed, "As one who has been the unfailing friend of labor . . . I would be the first man to insist upon the right of labor . . . to pursue any other lawful means to secure a redress of wrongs . . ."

Dies' bill to investigate the sitdown strikes was called "this snooping proposition" by Rep. Byron Harlan, of Ohio. Pressure by organized labor and progressives defeated it. But later, as head of the committee supposedly uncovering forces hostile to democracy, Dies carried through an "investigation" of the sitdown strikes in the Michigan auto industry—an investigation Congress had refused to permit. How the heads of big business must have chuckled! It will be remembered that by fabricating Communist plots among the auto workers, Dies gave all the help he could to the corporations which were trying to break up the United Automobile Workers of America, and also helped defeat Governor Murphy, then a progressive, running for reelection.

Dies is not alone in adopting Palmer's methods. At the recent Conference on Civil Liberties, Attorney General Murphy, apparently subdued by Dies, said that he was in favor of maintaining civil liberties, but with certain reservations. In 1920, while sermonizing that "The life of the Republic depends upon . . . freedom of speech, press, and assembly," Palmer justified his crushing of civil liberties on the ground of curbing "unbridled speech without responsibility."

THE OPEN SHOP DRIVE

After civil liberties had been suppressed by Palmer, and the steel and railroad strikes early in 1920 had been defeated with his aid, the open-shoppers really began to go to town. On April 15, 1920, the National Association of Manufacturers boldly announced that it had already mobilized editors of three thousand newspapers throughout the country in support of the "American Plan," as the open shop was euphemistically labeled. In the early stages of the drive, local open-shop associations sprang up as if spontaneously. Every local open-shop association howled that the trade unions were "Red" organizations. The unions were chopped down one by one.

In Dallas, Tex., a building trades strike was beaten by the importation of fifteen hundred scabs. The local chamber of commerce cried that "Dallas had for a long time been under the domination of radical labor unionism; particularly all building operations were conducted on the closed shop basis." To the chamber of commerce Communism meant the closed shop. The Associated Industries of Seattle, in their campaign to wipe out the local unions, proclaimed that ". . . to seize property and control in the United States as the revolutionists did in Russia . . . has been assiduously cultivated by radicals in the ranks and particularly the leadership of labor . . ." Remember that the leadership of the American Federation of Labor was then in the hands of Samuel Gompers and his reactionary clique, as it is now in the hands of Green, Woll, Frey, etc.

The Open Shop Association of Jefferson County, Tex., explained the success of the drive: "The [open shop] issue was pitched on the high plane of patriotism, of preservation of country versus its destruction, of Democracy versus Sovietism." These were the slogans of the open-shoppers everywhere. But to maintain the effectiveness of these slogans, it was necessary to steep the people constantly in a witches' brew of fear and hatred of Communism and the Soviet Union. Reactionary labor leaders, renegade radicals, and even one dignified philosopher helped supply this brew, while open-shoppers wrecked one trade union after another.

BLAMING THE BOLSHEVIKS

During the railroad yardmen's strike, James P. Holland, president of the New York State Federation of Labor, charged that the strike "is part of the game of the radicals and Bolsheviki and IWW's, who through some guise or other, have sneaked into the ranks of decent organized labor." Harold Lord Varney, claiming he had worked intimately with radical labor leaders, wrote scurrilous articles attacking them, including Bill Haywood. His slanders, like the more recent ones of Benjamin Stolberg, were greedily bought up by the press. Varney is still at it. In May 1938, he gave Martin Dies considerable aid. In his article in the *American Mercury,* titled "Sovietizing Our Merchant Marine," Varney stated that "the destructive influence of Communism [is] now paramount in nearly all CIO maritime unions," and that Harry Bridges has "the most strategic position ever attained by a Stalinist in the American labor movement." The war booster and former Socialist leader, John Spargo, helped the 1920 open-shoppers with books and articles against the Soviet Union.

PHILOSOPHER RUSSELL

The philosopher Bertrand Russell swelled the tide. He had visited Soviet Russia and, like Eugene Lyons, had returned "disillusioned." Mr. Russell's mind soared to utopian heights from which he beheld Lenin as "opinionated and narrowly orthodox . . . he has . . . little love of liberty . . ." The Communist Party in Russia, he stated, "has shot thousands without trial." "Russia has even revived what is essentially an imperialist way of feeling," Mr. Russell propounded. He said, "I went to Russia believing myself a Communist . . . I cannot but rejoice in the skeptical temper of the Western world."

Russell's Western skepticisms, published in the London *Nation,* were rushed across the Atlantic to the United States to help the open shop drive being conducted under the cover of opposition to Communism. *Current Opinion,* September 1920, spilled his "findings" over two pages, under the heading, "I Was a Communist, But . . ." The *Literary Digest* generously gave Mr. Russell nearly three solid pages. The reactionary press, in addition, dished up to the public some original anti-Soviet pottage. The Soviet Union was then defending its western border against feudal Poland, which was aided by British and French

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imperialism. The New York *Tribune* carried a cartoon showing a bearded and ferocious Russian peasant bayoneting a kneeling, pleading maiden labeled "Poland"; Lenin stood on the sidelines grinning. The October 1920 issue of *Current Opinion* published an anti-Soviet article under the heading, "Progress of an Intrigue between Berlin and Moscow." A cartoon in the Chicago *Daily News* depicted Soviet Russia as a savage wolf with a paper hat on its head to mask itself as a worker. Henry Ford launched his Dearborn *Independent,* daddy of Coughlin's *Social Justice,* in which all Soviet leaders were called Jews and Jews were called plotters ready to seize command of the whole world. The Omaha *World-Herald* showed an agitator labeled "Red" swinging a hammer on the head of a peaceful man, "Union Labor"—at the very time that the open-shoppers were dealing savage blows to the trade unions.

ANTI-LABOR LAWS

The flood of anti-Soviet agitation threw up along its raging course a series of anti-labor legislation and judiciary decisions. States passed measures outlawing strikes and trade unions. Justice Webster Thayer, who was later to send Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair, ruled in November 1920 that the closed shop tends "to undermine and uproot . . . the Constitution . . ." Other and similar rulings can be easily found in the records of that period. In our present era of Martin Dies, Stolberg, Lyons, Waldman, et al, similar legislation and court decisions against trade unions have already bobbed up on the current of anti-Communist agitation. Pennsylvania has amended its "little Wagner act" so that now it is actually a club against the unions. Only last month a striker, William Sentner, convicted of criminal syndicalism in a court presided over by District Judge W. S. Cooper, sitting in Iowa, was denounced together with Communism. Sentner's Communism consisted of leading a strike for the closed shop at the Newton plant of the Maytag Manufacturing Co. A fine exceeding $500,000 recently imposed by the courts upon the American Federation of Hosiery Workers for striking in an attempt to unionize the Philadelphia plant of the Apex Hosiery Co. is another anti-union ruling thrown up by the present stream of Red-baiting.

Towards the end of 1920, the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, whose anti-Communist pronouncements had helped the big corporations to strew the land with the wreckage of trade unions, met in conference to consider plans for combating the open-shoppers. Fighting funds were raised. One labor organization alone, the Teamsters International Brotherhood, considered it imperative to vote $2,000,000 for resisting the employers in its field. But by then the big corporations were in a position to follow up their isolated victories over the unions with one nationwide smashing blow upon labor—their primary motive. The *Minnesota Banker* of December 16, 1920, sent forth the anti-labor howl of the pack of financiers. With the cry that those resisting the open shop were "radicals," the *Banker* declared that union labor "must be locked out and licked."

Clothing manufacturers in New York, Boston, and Baltimore tore up their contracts with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and locked out 75,000 workers who refused to accept a 33 percent wage cut. The American Woolen Co. locked out its workers. Wages in the textile industry sank 20 to 35 percent.

BIG BUSINESS ON STRIKE

Big business went on a huge strike against the people. A capital combine of twelve New York financial institutions, centering in the house of J. P. Morgan, "inaugurated a policy of nationwide shutdowns in order to cut the prices of farm products and destroy the union scale of wages," W. Jett Lauck, noted statistical economist, testified before the U. S. Railway Board. Steel corporations refused to sell fabricated steel to employers who would not or could not employ non-union labor. Business firms throughout the country announced in full page newspaper ads that they would employ only non-union workers. These firms were engaged in a wide field, covering coal, lumber, sheet metal, transportation, construction, plumbing, painting and decorating, retailing, credit, and other phases of business.

As 1920 ended, the National Association of Manufacturers could announce proudly that there were 540 open shop associations in 247 cities of forty-four states and that, in addition, 1,665 local chambers of commerce, following the example of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, were helping to root out the unions. Desperately, labor leaders tried to fight off the open shop epidemic. But the time to have stopped the open-shoppers was at the very outset when the Overman committee and Attorney General Palmer first started their attacks on the foreign born workers, on the Communist Party, on the Soviet Union. The labor leaders had awakened too late. Unions shrank and even disappeared. The American Federation of Labor lost a million members between 1920 and 1922, and another million and a quarter by the end of 1924.

IT NEED NOT HAPPEN AGAIN

Will this happen in our time to the CIO and the AFL? It need not. But it will if the lessons of 1920 are ignored—if labor leaders and liberals echo renegades and stoolpigeons, thieves, murderers, and liars in Red-baiting and anti-Soviet agitation. Then the National Association of Manufacturers and its stooges in and out of Congress will succeed in their efforts to plunge us into war, and again to strew the land with the wreckage of the trade unions which we have built up through bitter struggle.

MORRIS KAMMAN.

Lines Pasted in an Old Hat

"INDUSTRIAL and agricultural production for a war market may give immense fortunes to a few men; for the nation as a whole it produces disaster. It was the prospect of war profits that made our farmers in the West plow up prairie land that should never have been plowed, but should have been left for grazing cattle. Today we are reaping the harvest of those war profits in the dust storms which have devastated those war-plowed areas.

"It was the prospect of war profits that caused the extension of monopoly and unjustified expansion of industry and a price level so high that the normal relationship between debtor and creditor was destroyed.

"Nevertheless, if war should break out again in another continent, let us not blink the fact that we would find in this country thousands of Americans who, seeking immediate riches—fool's gold—would attempt to break down or evade our neutrality.

"They would tell you—and, unfortunately, their views would get wide publicity—that if they could produce and ship this and that and the other article to belligerent nations, the unemployed of America would all find work. They would tell you that if they could extend credit to warring nations, that credit would be used in the United States to build homes and factories and pay our debt. They would tell you that America once more would capture the trade of the world.

"It would be hard to resist that clamor; it would be hard for many Americans, I fear, to look beyond—to realize the inevitable penalties, the inevitable day of reckoning, that come from a false prosperity. To resist the clamor of that greed, if war should come, would require the unswerving support of all Americans who love peace.

"If we face the choice of profits or peace, the nation will answer—must answer—'We choose peace.' It is the duty of all of us to encourage such a body of public opinion in this country that the answer will be clear and for all practical purposes unanimous."—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, *at Chautauqua, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1936.*

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In Merrie England

War comes to an English suburb, bringing scents of lavender and old newspapers of 1916. Air Raid Precautions.

We had each been fitted with a gas mask. Each, that is to say, except the dog, "for whom provision would be made later." We didn't like the thing, it disarranged our hair too much getting it on and off, but it gave us a feeling of security in case war did break out. We hoped that the flaps at the side of our cheeks which opened when we breathed out really did act as a valve and keep the gas from entering. But then, the government was doing its best. It had provided everyone with gas masks free.

With the approach of September and the sharpening of the international crisis, the words "splinter and blast" entered into household usage. Were we safe from splinter and blast? We examined the corridor which led to the cellar. It had a bend which would stop splinters entering through the back door. The ceiling was slightly vaulted and no more than five feet wide, two good points advised in the government pamphlet. And blast? Oh that was the shock that made the house fall down! The party wall looked fairly solid. We could sit against that and hope that the debris would fall the other way. Yes, we assured ourselves, we were moderately safe from splinter and blast.

IN CASE OF A DIRECT HIT

It was then that Mother raised the question of a direct hit. John put us at ease on that score by saying, "In a direct hit you won't even need a funeral!" We all laughed. It was good that we could still laugh in these troublous times. It was good to have a wit under our own roof. By the time war was declared we had more or less adjusted ourselves to the idea of air raids, and had made up our minds where we should go for shelter, and how we should act in case of a gas attack. It was a little disturbing, therefore, when Marjorie came from the front door soon after breakfast one day, reading a thin orange government pamphlet, with a scared look on her face.

"You know, Mother, what this says?"

"No, what is it, dear?" asked Mother obligingly, but feeling that she couldn't stand much more.

"This says that what we really have to fear in an air raid is incendiary bombs."

"I don't see that we can do much about that." Mother looked relieved. It wasn't as bad as she had expected. She had been thinking.

"Maybe John is going to be called up."

"It means the attic," persisted Marjorie. "It says we have to clear the attic of all rubbish and combustible material."

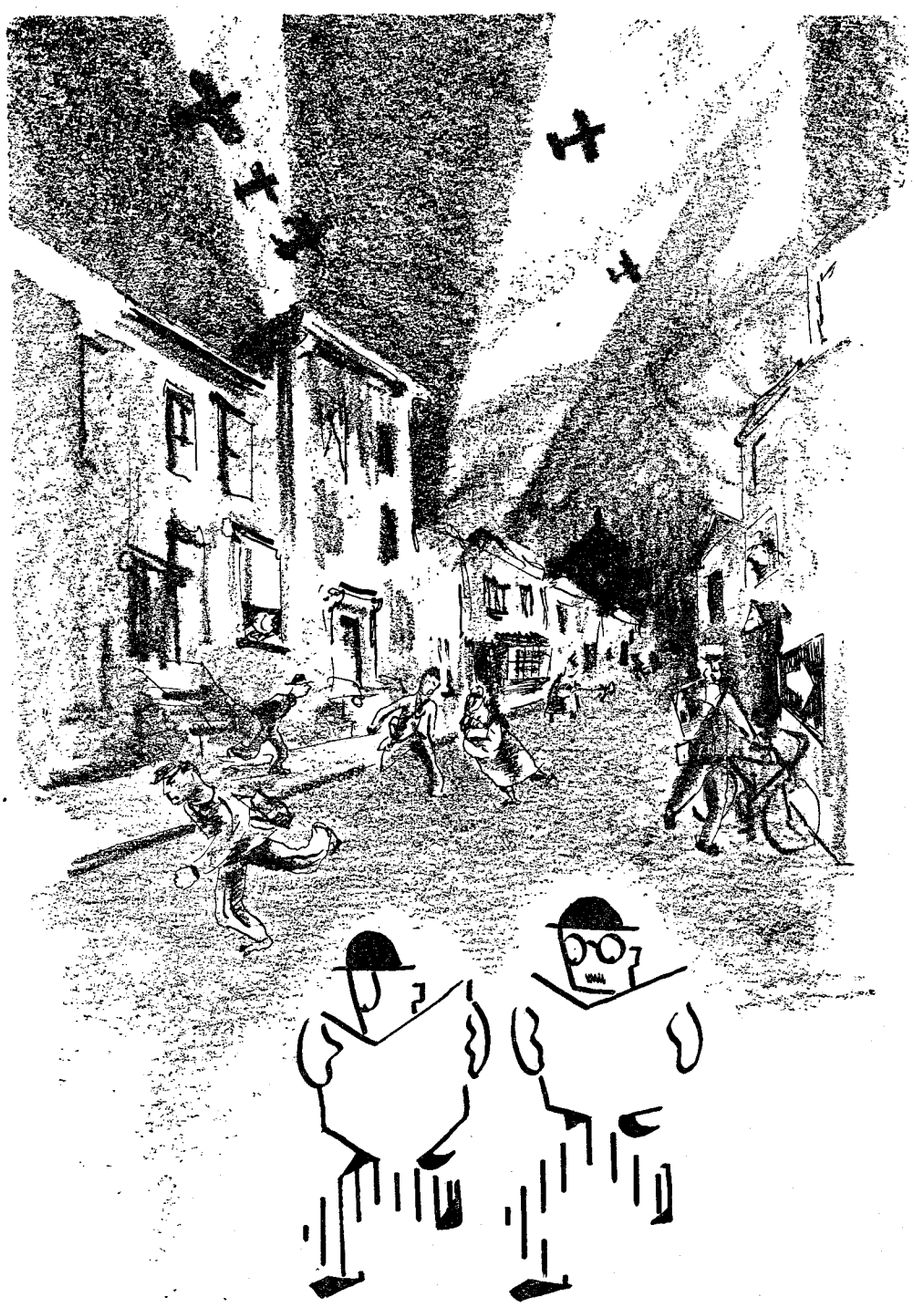
"We can't do that," said Mother weakly, sinking into a chair.

"We have to," announced Marjorie with grim determination. Marjorie believed in helping the government whenever it tried to help you.

ATTIC TREASURES

The attic had always been proverbial in our family. It represented at once a treasury and a refuse dump. It was the repository of our living between rare moves. It was the oubliette for everything we needed, the exhibition floor of the recently discarded. For the chaos in the attic, we blamed our mother. She was the arch-hoarder. You know how it is when there is something to throw away—well, you might need it. You never can tell. Put it in the attic against such a day. Of course when the day arrives the article cannot be found. But there it is, you don't like to see things go to waste. Our mother saved everything. And for the rare occasion when a relic "she knew was there" actually was retrieved, we forgave her the thousand bits and pieces which never saw the light of day.

Father used the attic as the library for his trade papers. "It would be a pity to throw those away. I might need to look up something one day." We all knew he never would. His old school books and photographs of football teams occupied vast areas. But current



W. Clinton

"Vincent Sheean says the Moscow Menace means the end of civilization as we know it."

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bits and pieces he threw away. Rightly, he could accuse Mother of hoarding. John kept his old chemistry set in the attic, his albums of photographs, his fishing tackle, his mountain boots, lacrosse stick, hockey stick, and cricket clothes. He did not hoard either. "A fellow must have some place to put his things."

Marjorie, who made her own clothes, had boxes of scraps, each awaiting the day when a patch would be required. But actually Marjorie discarded her dresses long before the patching stage. "Well, one day I might make a patchwork quilt. Think how beautiful all these scraps would look!" They might. But they never did. Our maid saved all the wrapping paper and cardboard boxes. There were hundreds of them in the attic. "It's always useful to have a box for Christmas presents, and plenty of brown paper." But at Christmas time we bought fancy boxes and holly-bedecked tissue.

Yes, indeed, Mother was the arch-hoarder.

SOURCE OF DEATH

But the government pamphlet put another interpretation on our attic. It was no longer an island of buried treasures, but a pile of tinder, a heap of kindling, a source of fire and death. What if an incendiary bomb fell to nestle in our attic? The very thought paralyzed us with fear. It suddenly changed our age-old viewpoint about Mother's hoarding and our own treasures. They weren't treasures at all . . . we never could find anything anyway . . . they were combustible materials, and combustible materials had to be thrown away. Marjorie spent three whole days in the attic, with John to help move the heavy things and to carry rubbish downstairs. She was covered with dust—thick clinging grimy dust which penetrated the pores of the skin so that three baths could not wash it away. She sneezed and coughed, and had to go out in the garden for fresh air every once in a while. Her nails broke and the cracks in her forefinger, which was pricked by the sewing needle, became canyons of mud. Her eyes smarted from acid soot.

Mother cooperated wonderfully. All the treasures of her youth, memories of our childhood, letters from admirers, were condemned. Father thought he might "keep a paper or two" in his bedroom. John appealed for permission to retain his mountain boots, the maid thought one or two boxes couldn't hurt, but Marjorie was not forehead deep in the family's undusted and unaired history for nothing. She was out to make the attic safe for incendiaries. She respected no sentiments, not even her own. She threw away the rotting collar of her first and most beloved puppy, "who died in 1920."

John and Marjorie practically relived their childhood days backwards as they uncovered successive layers of relics. Here was the tepee they had put up in the garden one summer and which had given them the right to let out blood-curdling yells as they dashed on the warpath until the neighbors complained. Then a drawer in the bureau gave up a copy of *French without Tears,* which reminded John of the unmanly weeping his early introduction to that wretched language had called forth. And in the bottom of a large, round-topped trunk lay Marjorie's christening clothes, long, stiffly starched affairs, bristling with eyelets and other dangers to baby skin.

And as if these did not end the living history of the family, a bundle of papers, heavy and dignified in their ancient importance, revealed the wedding license of Mother and Father (nice to know they had done it all right), while sticking out of the side of a small tin chest was the handpenned birth certificate of their great-grandfather, one hundred years old this very month! At this point the utter uselessness and romance of this discovery breached a gap in Mother's determination; she took the yellowing leaves and placed them lovingly in the inner drawer of her writing desk.

Now all that was left in the attic was a dirty mess of crumbling newspapers falling away from broken china in the outer attic over the skylight. With one last gesture of finishing a good job Marjorie climbed over the protecting barrier, and picked up an antique headline—February 1916. "Heavens!" thought Marjorie. "That's when we moved in." And she began to think of the air raids when she was ever such a little girl, hardly old enough to be frightened by them. Here she was, a grown woman, taking her part in what seemed an eternally recurrent process. A bright patch of color caught her eye. There, far beneath the water tank, was the last roll of whole papers. Yellow with age, but still gaudy in their design, they carried one poignant message, a voice booming out from the forgotten era of childhood, a pleading of a past generation of sufferers, a message soon to be thrown on the air again: "HELP WIN THE WAR! BUY SAVING CERTIFICATES!"

VERNE LEE.

Detroit Cleans House

A new mayor and some new councilmen—elected by progressives.

Detroit.

WHEN reactionary Richard Reading, mayor of Detroit, emerged from October's unusually light primary vote, he found himself trailing Council Pres. Edward J. Jeffries by a margin of five to three. Dimly Mr. Reading perceived that something was wrong. Did he smell bad? Mr. Reading was willing to concede the point, after nineteen months of almost unparalleled incompetence in office. Nevertheless, he mildly protested that he didn't smell *that* bad.

After all, hadn't he in 1937 defeated labor's candidate, Patrick H. O'Brien, by the same margin, five to three? There was a grand campaign for you! Every newspaper in town wildly behind him, and nothing for Reading

A. Redfield

"I hope we're not being premature."

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to do but mug prettily for the photographers. The trouble with the present campaign was not only that Mr. Reading had to leg it twice as hard for votes (he spent astronomical sums on advertising), but there was no made-to-order issue as in 1937. Then Richard Reading was a St. George battling against the red dragon of CIO dictatorship, while now there was even some doubt as to how the CIO stood on the mayoralty campaign. This was scarcely surprising, in view of Jeffries' wishy-washy attitude on virtually every social question.

Immediately after the primary Mr. Reading made an astounding discovery. He had come in second because there was no issue before the voters, no issue as in 1937 when all the "decent" elements rallied behind him to down the communistic CIO! The primary vote had been extremely light. That meant the "decent" elements had stayed home, not perceiving any issue. Well—Mr. Reading had a remedy for that. Whether Jeffries wished it or not, he would create an issue. Nay, he would do even better. He would revive the issue that swept him into office so handily in 1937. On the day following the primary he proudly declared that he was once again the crusader "against Communism and the CIO!"

The next move was up to Jeffries. Would he repudiate the labor backing that had gathered around him more in revulsion against Reading than actual love of Jeffries? To his credit let it be said that he did not. Forced to declare his position, he took up the challenge. The Reading tactic worked—in reverse.

The "better" element came out all right, and so did everyone else. In spite of rain and bitter weather they rolled up one of the biggest votes in the city's history and administered to Mr. Reading the soundest thrashing a Detroit mayoral incumbent has ever sustained. He went down to defeat at the hands of an outraged electorate—disgusted with red herrings—not by any mere five-to-three margin, but by more than two to one.

Not content with that highly signal achievement, Detroit voters proceeded to a thorough housecleaning. No less than six of the nine successful candidates for the Common Council had received the accolade of Labor's Non-Partisan League. Three of the victors were entirely new to the Council, displacing the most dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries. It was very nearly a clean sweep for the progressives. Detroit can once more look the nation proudly in the face. ARTHUR CLIFFORD.

Peace: Not So Wonderful

THAT pillar of society Mr. Girdler announced to the stockholders of the Republic Steel Corp. that he expected the current upturn to continue indefinitely. He credited domestic and export orders rather than war business for the jump, according to the *Wall Street Journal*. But in the next breath, he declared: "This will hold up, unless there is peace. And there is little chance of peace."

You Can Keep Your Baby

A dialogue between a social worker and an unmarried mother-to-be, by Pauline Leader.

"YOU don't have to keep your baby if you don't want to," said the social worker, "but we always say to the girls that come to us that we hope they will keep their babies. I am sure you want to know the glory of motherhood. What's your religion?"

"Catholic," said Rose.

"Well, you don't have to keep your baby," said the social worker as she wrote Catholic opposite Religion. "We get a lot of Catholic girls."

"I don't know," said Rose. "I don't know what I wanna do."

"Won't he marry you? Maybe after we talk to him he'll marry you."

"I don't want to marry him. I hate him."

"If you married him it would legitimatize your baby," said the social worker. "Your baby would grow up in a happy home with a father and mother like other children."

"I don't want to marry him. Anyhow, he's married already. I just found that out, the dirty skunk."

"Maybe we can make him support the baby," said the social worker.

"I don't want his rotten money," said Rose.

"No venereal diseases? You're sure you haven't caught anything from him? You haven't noticed anything?"

"No. I don't know."

"Well, we'll find out. Our doctor will examine you and if you've caught anything you can be taking treatments."

"What kind of treatments?"

"It's nothing to be afraid of. Lots of the girls here are taking treatments."

"They got babies too?"

"Some. Now what's your real name, Rose?"

"Why, I already told you."

"Your *real* name, Rose. You got that name from the movies. Tell me what your real name is."

"No."

"That's not the way to talk to me, Rose. I want to be your friend."

"No."

"You must tell me the truth, Rose."

"Christ, what difference does it make? Ain't this name good enough? I don't want nobody to know about me."

"You must tell me the truth, Rose, or we can't help you."

"If I tell, will you promise to keep it a secret?"

"Certainly. It's just for the records."

"Because if you tell and my mother finds out it's gonna kill her. I told her I was going to another city where I found a better job."

"Did she believe you?"

"Sure. I guess she wanted to believe. She was glad for me to go. I promised to write once in a while. I got it all fixed up."

"Why was she glad to have you go, Rose?"

"Oh, I don't get along good with my old man. He's—no good."

"And how old are you really, Rose? Tell me the truth this time."

"Fourteen."

"Well, Rose, that's all. Don't forget it always pays to tell the truth. You can keep your baby if you want to."

"I don't know." PAULINE LEADER.

Food Blockade

EVERY once in a while a letter comes in to NEW MASSES that makes a perfect editorial by itself. Such a one just arrived from a reader in upstate New York. Here it is:

Permit me to call your attention to two items culled from today's issue of the New York *Times*. Put next to each other, they suggest an editorial that I should like to write if I had the ability. Here they are:

"Moscow, Oct. 26 (Note to British Ambassador Seeds): '. . . It is known that universally recognized principles of international law do not permit the air bombardment of a peaceful population of women, children, and aged people. On the same grounds the Soviet government deems it not permissible to deprive a peaceful population of foodstuffs, fuel, and clothing and thus subject women, children, and aged people and invalids to every hardship and to starvation by proclaiming goods of popular consumption as war contraband. . . .'"

"Berlin, Oct. 25: Plans for the delivery of one million tons of fodder grains to Germany by Russia were announced in big headlines in the press tonight. It is stated in Moscow dispatches that deliveries will begin in a few days and be concluded in two months."

Back in 1918 I was fifteen years old and I lived in Denmark. Before Christmas my father went to Hamburg and when he returned he had with him two German children my own age, a boy and a girl. They were about half my size, weighed about sixty pounds, and whenever I need a nightmare I have but to think of those walking skeletons. The expressions on their faces when they sat down to their first square Danish meals will haunt me to the end of my days. After Christmas the girl caught the flu and her stunted, emaciated body was no match for that disease. She developed pneumonia and died within forty-eight hours. The boy was more fortunate; he remained with us nearly a year and when he finally left he had grown five inches and nearly doubled his weight.

This might explain my horror at the thought of a repetition of Britain's terrible hunger blockade in 1914-18, my nausea at Britain's hypocritical claims that they are waging this war, not against the German people, but against "Hitlerism."

Finally, it might explain my proud elation that the German people today have a mighty friend in the Soviet Union, a friend to whom words and deeds are identical, and who, no matter how much it detests the Nazi regime, will not allow the German people to be starved into submission.

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★

Under a False Flag

THE game is strictly shell and is called now-you-see-it-now-you-don't. In other words, now it's under Panama's flag. The players are the newly organized firm of Wall Street & Roosevelt. The public was expected to be gullible enough to be taken for a lovely ride. It didn't work. Now it is plain for all to see that embargo repeal was obtained by cynical subterfuge and calculated trickery. The Roosevelt administration has done what the President solemnly warned against in his speech at Chautauqua, N. Y., on Aug. 14, 1936—it has put profits before peace.

It was the cash-and-carry phase of the neutrality legislation which won the support of many members of Congress who had previously been opposed to lifting the arms embargo. The shipping interests set up a howl and cash-and-carry was amended to permit trade in American bottoms with the British and French possessions outside of the European war zone. But every effort was made by administration spokesmen to create the impression that within this zone all trade in American ships was effectively barred.

The proposal to transfer the registry of nine ships of the United States Lines to Panama is thus a clear evasion of the spirit, if not the letter, of the new Neutrality Act. For the U. S. Lines would retain ownership of the vessels through a Panama subsidiary. It becomes a question whether even the letter of the law would not be violated by this maneuver. In a communication to President Roosevelt, William L. Standard, attorney for the National Maritime Union, cites Supreme Court decisions and statements by authorities on international law to show that it is ownership, rather than the flag at the mast, which determines a vessel's nationality. Moreover, Panama is, as Arthur Krock puts it in the New York *Times,* "the closest thing to an American grand duchy that exists." One can imagine what will happen if German submarines start popping at American-owned ships flying the Panama flag. This proposal is downright provocation. It invites America to get into the war as fast as possible.

No more sarcastic comment on the patriotism of the shipping companies could have been devised. These days, when Martin Dies searches for people who presumably travel under false flags, the point is worth stressing. A close examination of some of our patriotic foundations would probably reveal subsidies from the executives of the U. S. Lines, who shell out plenty of dollars to teach people the dignity of the American flag while they themselves do not hesitate to lower the flag when profits beckon.

That the Maritime Commission and the President were preparing to stamp their approval on this scheme when a storm of protests gave them pause shows how far the administration is ready to go to help the Allies and our own war profiteers. But the full story of these machinations has yet to be told. It now becomes known that even while the congressional debate was still in progress the Maritime Commission quietly okayed the transfer of registry to Panama of sixteen Standard Oil tankers and two United Fruit freighters. Shipping lobbyists are also said to have discussed the whole matter privately with several members of Congress. The "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column points out that the President "is surrounded by friends and ex-officials of the U. S. Lines and of its parent, the International Mercantile Marine." In our next issue we will publish an article by Adam Lapin giving an insight into the behind-the-scenes finagling on this question.

Harvard to Vigilante

HARVARD'S elegant ban (Latin quotations and all) on Earl Browder's appearance before the John Reed Club was, as history proved rapidly, a short cry to the vigilante attack on William Z. Foster's Detroit meeting. These events are two sides of the same coin. Both grow out of administration sanction of action—legal as well as extra-legal—against minority groupings. The germ sowed in the White House sprouts evil fruit nationally.

From Representative Dies' wild-bull assaults, to the suaver FBI action on the flimsy passport charge, to the disgraceful perversion of Browder's so-called "quick transition" speech in Boston, to the armed vigilante attack in Detroit, is logical sequence. It is rapidly becoming worth your liberty to say you do not want America to enter the European war. If progressives and liberals do not launch into counter-action immediately, it may soon be worth your life.

Even the austere New York *Herald Tribune* permits incitation to violence in its columns. One anonymous tory, by pen-name Heptisax, spoke about "mobs that want to lynch him"—Browder. In two short weeks Browder goes to trial on the ridiculous passport charge that was pressed by the dubious Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, who changed his name from John Parnell Feeney, Jr., for reasons best known to himself.

But it is not clear sailing for reaction: many liberals fear the consequences and talk up about it. The National Advisory Council on Academic Freedom warned that civil liberties were being curtailed all along the line. It adjured Harvard to allow Browder to speak. Educational freedom is already truncated. "At least two school systems in New York have already denied to their teachers the right to discuss the European war in their classes," the Council announced. It urged America "not to repeat our behavior of the last war when we went down like ninepins before the barrage of propaganda."

It behooves all good Americans to remember Justice Holmes' decision in 1919 on the then famous Abrams case: ". . . the best test of truth," he wrote, "is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market. . . . That . . . is the theory of our Constitution . . . we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions. . . ."

Some fighting New Dealer, who has not yet succumbed to the swan song of F. D. R. liberalism, should paste that quotation on the wall before the presidential desk. It should be memorized.

They Ask for a Truce

THERE is something powerfully poignant in the Dutch-Belgian appeal for a truce in the war. The full horror of what it will mean for innocent populations emerges in the almost desperate attempt of two small nations to break through a web of policies which they did not weave. Dependent for their existence upon strategic imports as well as the freedom of their merchant marine, Holland and Belgium already suffer greatly from the British blockade. Among the 130 ships which the Allies search weekly (among them forty American ships thus far) there are many which carry essential supplies to the Lowland countries. Roosevelt's delineation of combat waters likewise blacks out Belgian and Dutch harbors from international trade.

The American press makes the appeal of these neutrals appear to be a simple Nazi maneuver. It is only a comment upon the brutalizing effects of "our" commitment to the Allies that the press obscures the tragic plight of these small European countries. Nor is any word heard from Washington, normally so sensitive to the problems of small nations! Even the approval of the pope and a telegram of support from King Carol of Rumania has not found an echo in American headlines. While the Nazis have not yet replied it is significant that the British found it necessary to turn down the offer several times, as though cynically aware of a fact which Molotov stressed ten days ago: namely, that in the present context of forces, responsibility for whether the war shall reach its full destructive dimensions rests with England and France.

On the day that Leopold and Wilhelmina made their plea, Lord Halifax turned it down, projecting one of those fancy frauds we are going to hear more and more of: the Federal Union racket. Chamberlain said ditto, and King George made it official. Over the weekend, Winston Churchill delivered himself of an unusually clever speech; one whose most ominous overtones were intended for the

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United States, as he conjured up visions of America being compelled to face the "defense of Western civilization" alone should the Allies lose. It doesn't occur to Churchill that the interests of the American people might not be jeopardized at all by the defeat of both the Allies and Germany.

Reflecting on the fate of Belgium and Holland, thoughtful Americans will rejoice over that felicitous stroke by farsighted Soviet statesmen which was able to localize this war two weeks before it began.

The Beer-Hall Bombing

A BOMB came within eleven minutes of obliterating Adolf Hitler last week. Eight of his cronies in the 1923 Munich beer-hall putsch were killed, almost eight times that number wounded. There is evidence of alarm among the Nazis but no proof of fanatic indignation among the German people.

Germany charges the complicity of a "foreign power" in the attempt. Having nothing factual to go by, our judgment of the event depends on circumstantial logic. To begin with, there is no likelihood that the workers' underground opposition, in which the German Communist Party plays a leading role, had anything to do with the bombing. Communist theory and practice preclude individual terrorism. Unless some incidental grudge is involved, or unless the Nazis themselves staged this attempt upon Hitler's life to cement popular feeling for their regime, the chances are that the Reichswehr-monarchist coalition was responsible.

This is precisely the group upon which the British place their hopes. It is an avowed desire of the Allies that certain changes take place within Germany so that the monarchist-army group can take power without shaking up the whole edifice of German fascism to the point where the German working class assumes independent initiative outside of the framework of the Allied war aims. Logically, therefore, the assassination of Hitler at this time would dovetail with the objective needs of the Allied powers. The democratic victory of the German working class depends upon a mutual defeat for both imperialisms in this war. The beer-hall bombing is no solution.

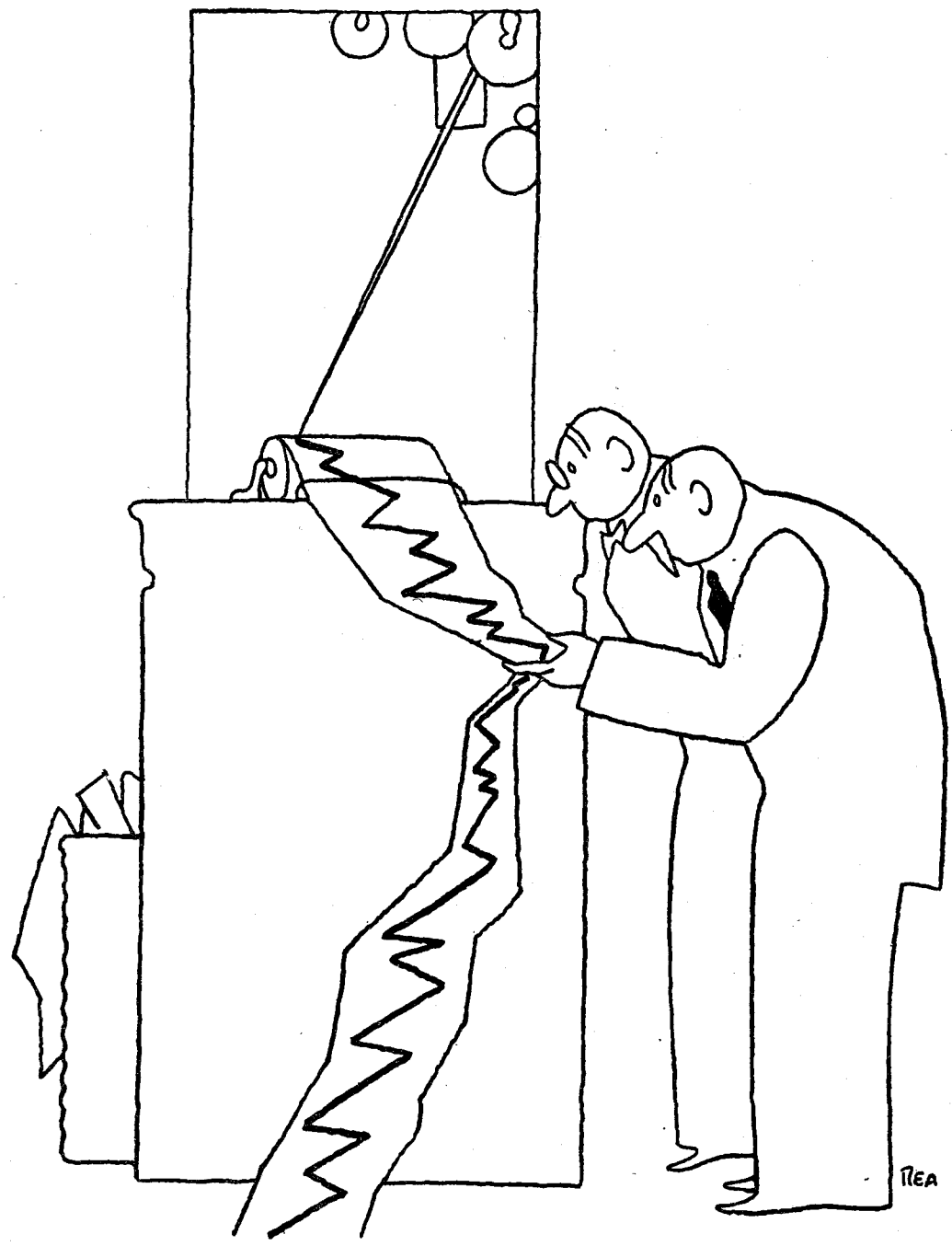
Britain Helps Japan

APPEASEMENT continues in the Far East while it is presumably done with in the West. Those who fight for "democracy" in Europe naturally cannot tolerate it in China or in India! That is the meaning of Britain's accession to a favorite Japanese demand: the withdrawal of its troops from the Tientsin concession. Ostensibly, the Tommies are now needed in France, but that is only the excuse: after all, 650 men won't win the war against Germany. This is merely an extension of the Craigie-Arita agreement of last June and it is fraught with the greatest danger for the independence of China. Kingsley Martin, editor of the British *New Statesman and Nation*, made the sensational revelation this week that a more general settlement is in the cards. Large areas of Chinese soil will be guaranteed to Japan, support given for Wang Ching-wei's nominal authority in Nanking in return for assurances to British interests in south China, all of which is calculated to lead the Japanese towards war upon the Soviet Union.

Most alarming are its implications for American foreign policy. Dispatches indicate that the Americans are expected to assume protection of British interests in China. If that means the same protection which the British themselves are planning, it is clear that moves are afoot for a general American-Japanese rapprochement as well. Under cover of acrimonious attacks by extreme reactionary newspapers such as *Kokumin* which speculate upon Japanese domination of the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines, efforts are proceeding for American recognition of Wang Ching-wei's traitor "government." Clearly, the subservience of American policy to the British is so far gone that even in the Far East, a traditional area of Anglo-American antagonism, the policy of supporting Japan as the policeman of Asia is being pursued.

Maple Leaf War-Fever

CANADA lies a few inches north of our borders: the war three thousand miles away damages Canadian civil liberties even as it threatens our own. Premier Hepburn is railroading the abolition of all elections until the war is over. NEW MASSES, as well as many other progressive publications, has been barred. Paradoxically, the semi-fascist Duplessis government was defeated in Quebec only to have Duplessism extended throughout the Dominion. But Canadian freemen and workers



"It's either a hell of a seismic disturbance, or it's Lindbergh's father turning over in his grave."

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are resisting. Economic demands are mounting; in the Estavan mining section of Saskatchewan the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is being quartered. Mrs. Dorothy Steeves, representative of the Canadian Commonwealth Federation in Vancouver, openly expressed the hope that all empires might vanish from the earth in the coming years. Last Saturday night, the Communist Party of Canada issued 150,000 leaflets in French and English against the war. So efficiently was the distribution made that only seven arrests took place. But the movement that brought repeal of the infamous Section 98 law under which Tim Buck was imprisoned some years ago is reviving as Canadian liberals rally to the defense of civil liberties.

Watch developments in Canada if you want to see what imperialist war does to "Western" civilization!

Mexico's Neutrality

COMPLICATIONS on the international scene were bound to have their reflex within Mexico. Moving toward a climax before the war broke, contradictory trends within that country have now been intensified. Suspicious of Nazi penetration but faced with the living memory of British interference in the nationalization of the oil properties, the Cardenas government has every reason to be jealous of its neutrality. This was enforced last week by the stand of the National Council of the Confederation of Mexican Workers (CTM), which adjured the labor movement not to play "the role of war correspondent." The CTM declares "that the war does not show any clear characteristics [to] indicate that the working class of our country and of all other countries should intervene with material or moral aid for either of the belligerent groups."

This fundamental resolution came during the week when the Party of the Mexican Revolution, the governing coalition based upon the workers, peasants, teachers and soldiers, held its nominating convention for the candidacy of Gen. Avila Camacho. Such support practically guarantees the latter's election in July 1940 but the very fact that General Almazan's backers push forward with their plans is ominous. Since they cannot win at the ballot box, Mexican reactionaries may try another way. Nevertheless, the war has intensified many differences within the Almazan camp. Both the Nazis and the British oil magnates were placing their bets on Almazan; now they are fighting each other across the Maginot Line.

Above all, relations with the United States are uncertain: much depends on whether settlement of the oil controversy will not be prejudiced by the pro-Allied orientation of the American government. If Sumner Welles has anything to do with it, American pressure upon neutrals in this hemisphere is likely to be as disastrous as British pressure upon neutrals in Europe.

However, the Mexican labor movement continues its decisive role in the nation's life. On November 19 the anniversary of the Revolution will be celebrated by a great parade of armed workers (grown to 100,000 in the last six months) through the central plaza of Mexico City. President Cardenas will review the marchers.

Election Results

THE most important issue of the elections held last week was not invited to participate, but, like Banquo's ghost, it was there. Thanks to the Communists, the question of the imperialist war and of keeping America out of it, ignored by most other candidates, was impressed on the minds of many voters.

The Communists made a good showing in New York, Boston, and elsewhere despite the fact that in New York they were greatly handicapped by being ruled off the ballot, necessitating a write-in vote. The leaders of the American Labor Party also raised the all-important war issue—in reverse. By their warmongering resolution and Red-baiting drive, as well as by their refusal to make alliances with progressives in the two major parties, they helped split the progressive forces and facilitated the victory of Tammany and the other reactionary Democratic machines. The ALP vote was also greatly reduced.

The results in other cities, while not definitive, hardly bear out the prognostications of tory soothsayers after the 1938 elections that the country had taken a sharp turn to the right.

In one of the nation's largest cities, Detroit, the progressives, backed by a united labor movement, reversed the results of 1937 and 1938 and scored a notable victory.

In San Francisco a vigorous liberal campaign for mayor by Rep. Frank R. Havenner came close to defeating the notorious Mayor Angelo J. Rossi. Had the labor and liberal forces been able to unite on a single candidate, the result might have been different.

In Johnstown, Pa., the vigilante mayor, Daniel Shields, who played a leading anti-labor role in the Little Steel strike in 1937, was beaten by a liberal Democrat, John Conway, who campaigned with labor support.

In Dearborn, Mich., and in a number of Ohio and western Pennsylvania steel towns, including Youngstown, Canton, Warren, Massillon, and Aliquippa, labor and progressive candidates won important victories at the polls.

Considerable national attention centered on the vote on the California Ham-and-Eggs plan and the Bigelow pension plan in Ohio. The defeat of both proposals is a tribute to the success of the reactionaries in confusing the issue by diverting the attention of the voters from the urgent need for adequate old-age pensions and focusing it on the specific financial proposals embodied in these plans. However, the very existence of pension movements embracing millions shows how widespread is the discontent on this issue. The proposal of Governor Olson of California to raise the monthly pension in that state from $35 (to be increased to $40 January 1) to $50 and to lower the eligible age from sixty-five to sixty is a very modest step in the right direction. Much more needs to be done nationally—though the Roosevelt administration seems to be seeking its solution to our social problems in increased military expenditures and the encouragement of war trade.

Dimitrov Speaks

TWO ghosts met on Red Square on November 7. One was named Litvinov, the other Dimitrov. Remember them? They died long ago—Litvinov as far back as May, when he was supposed to have resigned. But, as everybody knows, he was really purged by Stalin, probably at Hitler's insistence. And Dimitrov was *spurlos versenkt* in August under the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact. But the two ghosts couldn't keep away from their old haunts. And so there they stood, Litvinov and Dimitrov, or, rather, their ghosts, big as life, right up on Lenin's Tomb beside Stalin, Molotov, et al. Foreign diplomats rubbed their eyes, and it is even reported that the ghost of Litvinov smiled sardonically at them. As for the members of the German trade delegation in Moscow, they beheld an even stranger apparition: the portrait of Ernst Thaelmann being carried by marching workers. It was pure hallucination, of course, though it caused the German delegation to make a hasty departure.

And now Dimitrov has spoken to America and to the world. On November 4 the *Daily Worker* published a historic statement of his on the international situation. It was followed by a manifesto of the Communist International and by a new speech by Molotov on the occasion of the twenty-second anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Whereupon our press made the astonishing discovery that the Bolsheviks are Bolsheviks after all, and not Nazis—that Communism is no ghost. Read Dimitrov's article (it is being distributed in pamphlet form). Here is the same Dimitrov as the world has known for the past six years, the incomparable fighter against capitalist reaction and war, the brilliant Marxist, the great strategist of international socialism. After discussing the vast changes that have taken place in international relations, he declares that "the tasks facing the working class also assume new character." Before, it was a question of preventing war; now the job is to stop the one that has begun. And the question of the complete abolition of the system that produces wars has also been placed on the order of the day. In tackling these tasks, says Dimitrov, the masses can have no truck with those Socialist and labor leaders who have gone over to the side of the imperialist warmakers. In place of the old popular front based on agreements between political parties, a real popular front of the common people opposed to the war, led by a united working class, must be created. These are no spectral words. For millions they offer the only hope of life in a dying world.

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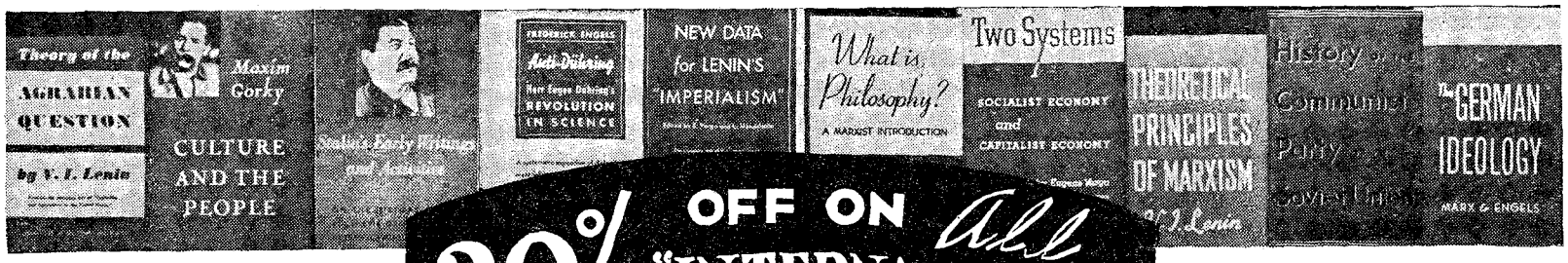

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John's Bull

America tunes in on the pro-war propaganda network, broadcasting from Downing Street. Chamberlain's Charlie McCarthys in the United States.

IF YOU look into the remoter corners of your morning newspaper these days you're certain to find an item or two like those photostated on the opposite page. England's pressure boys and girls are laying it on. They did it in 1914 and they're out to do it again in 1939. Their job today is essentially what it was twenty-five years ago; it differs only in a few respects.

In Imperialist War I, British propaganda twisted and shoved and patted and prodded American opinion into the belief that security for the United States depended upon victory for the Allies. The job of agitating us was made easier because the Newport set was Anglophile from way back and Britain had a stranglehold on the news outlets that would influence the guys who did their dunking at Coney Island.

The British Foreign Office put Sir Gilbert Parker at the front desk in the Ministry of Information and that aristocrat belched forth avalanches of literature and lectures from September 1914 till April 1917, when his job ended successfully with our entrance into the war. "You Americans," said gallant Sir Gilbert, "are, next to the Chinese perhaps, the most gullible sheep in the world." And with that encouraging farewell, he gave up the flock to the new shepherd, George Creel, appointed by President Wilson to head the American Committee on Public Information.

That war, like this one, was an imperialist war. The propaganda pluggers couldn't get a rise out of the American people unless they could make it look like something else. So they transformed it verbally into a war between good and evil, between democracy and kaiserism. The Allies were the good guys, the Germans were the bad guys, and of course America must be on the good side. A great variety of media and techniques were cleverly used to get this simple antithesis across. The bogies of Germany's militarism and atrocities and war guilt were draped across the front pages and the regiments of English notables who were willing to give their Oxford accent for the tight little isle pranced up and down the platforms of America yodeling the tune of "hands across the sea" and "our sister democracies."

It was great stuff. American society women, industrialists and financiers, politicians and professors, ministers and liberals ate it up. By February 1916 Sir Gilbert Parker was able to report that the articulate people throughout the States had joined the Allies.

If it worked so well before, the British figure, it will work this time too. A year ago an ex-British propagandist, Capt. Sidney Rogerson, advised in his book, *Propaganda and the Next War,* that the British send America well known lecturers, business men, statesmen, and writers "to put our point of view over the dinner table." Captain Rogerson realizes that it isn't necessary, and might even be ruinous, to three-sheet America with British propaganda. It's much smarter to take advantage of the pro-British sympathy that already exists among so many influential Americans. Private conversations in the Perroquet Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria or after-dinner addresses at the Bankers Club are much less obvious and have greater effect on mass opinion in the long run.

THE SAME OLD GAME

That's just the way England is working her game today. Look at the press clippings reproduced here. The ship news reporter tells us that Alfred Duff Cooper and his beautiful wife arrived yesterday, on the same boat with five British lecturers. "The British government isn't sending any speakers," they say. "They are all coming on their own steam." The next day's New York *Times* heads an item, "More Publicity Is Sought Here by Britain." The text goes on to say that of course it isn't Britain's policy to engage in what are called propaganda activities in the USA. As Lord Lothian said at the Pilgrims' dinner, "We merely want to tell you the facts as we know them, and our point of view about them, from London. But having done so, by our own democratic principles [i.e., Britain's and America's . . . sister democracies] we are bound to leave you perfectly free to form your own judgments." The British ambassador went on to nail his country's war aims in a sentence echoed daily by Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson: "We are trying to prevent the hordes of paganism and barbarism from destroying what is left of civilized Europe." The good guys and the bad; the civilized and the savage.

We can assume that that's the kind of baloney Duff Cooper sliced for the guests at Elsa Maxwell's little party mentioned modestly in the society pages the next day. The former first lord of the admiralty wasn't talking to himself or to men whose freedom of speech is limited by the loudness of their voices. Look at the clipping on Elsa's dinner and note the names underlined: Henry Luce of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune* magazines; William Paley of the Columbia Broadcasting System; papa Hearst and junior of the Hearst newspaper chain and magazines; Lowell Thomas of radio, screen, and newspaper; Jack Warner of Warner Bros. motion picture outfit; Vincent Astor of *Newsweek* magazine; Conde Nast of the Nast magazines; and John Gunther of radio, books, and magazines. The other guests were big shots in the theater, society, and Wall Street. If Duff Cooper can bias these boys for the empire, it will extend to the millions who read papers and magazines, go to the movies, or listen to the radio.

Mr. Duff Cooper isn't limiting his activities to private parties, however. Together with a host of his compatriots he has contracted to speak in public under the auspices of America's leading lecture bureaus. For the next several months this country will be a happy hunting ground for these lobbyists in tophat and tails who will do a delayed encore for their brethren of 1914-16. In New York, for instance, they are scheduled to speak at such places as the Columbia University Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Brooklyn Academy, and the Town Hall Club.

Lord Lothian's speech on October 26 at the Pilgrims' dinner, quoted above, was the tipoff. After the guests toasted the President of the United States and his majesty the king, the ambassador made his first American speech in the best tradition of this Anglo-American society of topflight bankers, lawyers, and aristocrats dedicated to bolstering up the British empire with American money and men. Then the ambassador, who is also a governor of the National Bank of Scotland and the owner of some 28,000 acres, started on his rounds of the World's Fair, the *Herald Tribune* Forum, and sundry other rostrums.

THEY KEEP COMING

Trailing after Lothian are dozens and dozens of England's finest flower in the arts, business, and politics. Culling the ship news and the lecture bureaus' lists for last month and this month alone, you can discover at least seventy-five names that might fairly be classified as official or unofficial propaganda agents of Great Britain. These people are in the USA now or are expected shortly. Among the titled are Lord Marley, deputy speaker of the British House of Lords, Lord Elton, the countess of Winchelsea and Nottingham, and Countess Judith of Listowel. Anthony Eden "will arrive within a fortnight on a special mission," and Lord Beaverbrook, England's Hearst, made a quick trip here in October and had lunch with President Roosevelt.

Two of England's most prominent business men to arrive here recently are Anthony Guinness, the brewer, and H. Gordon Selfridge, of London's famed Selfridge department store, the English Macy's. Members of

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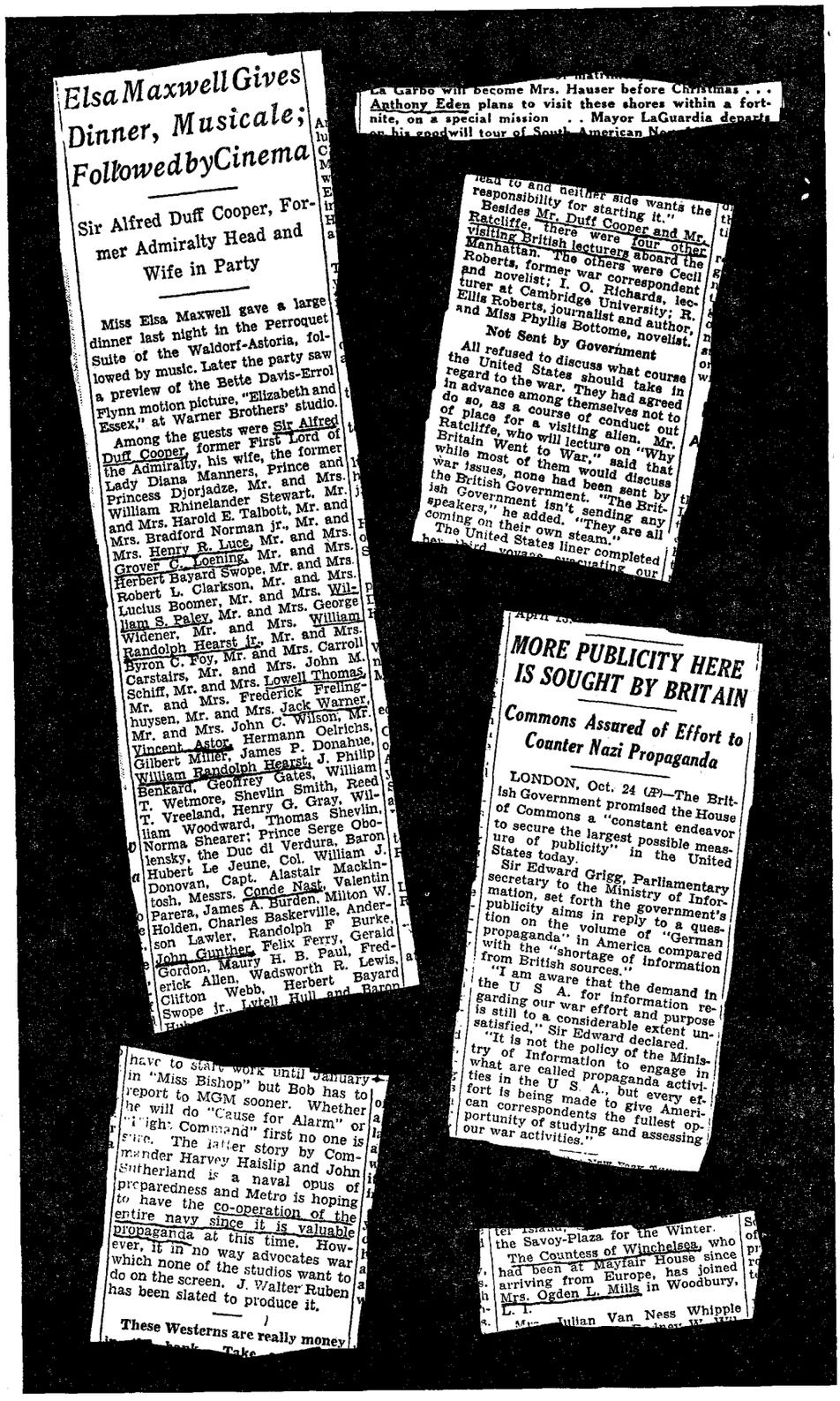

Elsa Maxwell Gives Dinner, Musicale; Followed by Cinema

Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, Former Admiralty Head and Wife in Party

Miss Elsa Maxwell gave a large dinner last night in the Perroquet Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria, followed by music. Later the party saw a preview of the Bette Davis-Errol Flynn motion picture, "Elizabeth and Essex," at Warner Brothers' studio.

Among the guests were Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, former First Lord of the Admiralty, his wife, the former Lady Diana Manners, Prince and Princess Djorjadze, Mr. and Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Talbott, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Norman jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Luce, Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. Loening, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bayard Swope, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Boomer, Mr. and Mrs. George ... William S. Paley, Mr. and Mrs. William ... Widener, Mr. and Mrs. ... Randolph Hearst jr., Mr. and Mrs. ... Byron C. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll ... Carstairs, Mr. and Mrs. John M. ... Schiff, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Thomas, ... Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner, ... Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mr. ... Vincent Astor, Hermann Oelrichs, ... Gilbert Miller, James P. Donahue, ... William Randolph Hearst, J. Philip ... Benkard, Geoffrey Gates, William ... T. Wetmore, Shevlin Smith, Reed ... T. Vreeland, Henry G. Gray, William Woodward, Thomas Shevlin, ... Norma Shearer; Prince Serge Obolensky, the Duc di Verdura, Baron ... Hubert Le Jeune, Col. William J. Donovan, Capt. Alastair Mackintosh, Messrs. Conde Nast, Valentin ... Parera, James A. Burden, Milton W. ... Holden, Charles Baskerville, Anderson Lawler, Randolph F Burke, ... John Gunther, Felix Ferry, Gerald ... Gordon, Maury H. B. Paul, Frederick Allen, Wadsworth R. Lewis, ... Clifton Webb, Herbert Bayard Swope jr., Lytell Hull and Baron ...

La Garbo will become Mrs. Hauser before Christmas . . . Anthony Eden plans to visit these shores within a fortnite, on a special mission . . Mayor LaGuardia departs on his goodwill tour of South American ...

... lead to and neither side wants the responsibility for starting it."

Besides Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Ratcliffe, there were four other visiting British lecturers aboard the Manhattan. The others were Cecil Roberts, former war correspondent and novelist; I. O. Richards, lecturer at Cambridge University; R. Ellis Roberts, journalist and author, and Miss Phyllis Bottome, novelist.

Not Sent by Government

All refused to discuss what course the United States should take in regard to the war. They had agreed in advance among themselves not to do so, as a course of conduct out of place for a visiting alien. Mr. Ratcliffe, who will lecture on "Why Britain Went to War," said that while most of them would discuss war issues, none had been sent by the British Government. "The British Government isn't sending any speakers," he added. "They are all coming on their own steam."

The United States liner completed her ... voyage ... evacuating our ...

April 13.

MORE PUBLICITY HERE IS SOUGHT BY BRITAIN

Commons Assured of Effort to Counter Nazi Propaganda

LONDON, Oct. 24 (AP)—The British Government promised the House of Commons a "constant endeavor to secure the largest possible measure of publicity" in the United States today.

Sir Edward Grigg, Parliamentary secretary to the Ministry of Information, set forth the government's publicity aims in reply to a question on the volume of "German propaganda" in America compared with the "shortage of information from British sources."

"I am aware that the demand in the U S A. for information regarding our war effort and purpose is still to a considerable extent unsatisfied," Sir Edward declared.

"It is not the policy of the Ministry of Information to engage in what are called propaganda activities in the U S A., but every effort is being made to give American correspondents the fullest opportunity of studying and assessing our war activities."

... have to start work until January ... in "Miss Bishop" but Bob has to report to MGM sooner. Whether he will do "Cause for Alarm" or "High Command" first no one is sure. The latter story by Commander Harvey Haislip and John Sutherland is a naval opus of preparedness and Metro is hoping to have the co-operation of the entire navy since it is valuable propaganda at this time. However, it in no way advocates war which none of the studios want to do on the screen. J. Walter Ruben has been slated to produce it.

These Westerns are really money ... Take ...

... the Savoy-Plaza for the Winter.

The Countess of Winchelsea, who had been at Mayfair House since arriving from Europe, has joined Mrs. Ogden L. Mills in Woodbury, L. I.

... Julian Van Ness Whipple ...

THE REDCOATS ARE COMING. *Some items in the press that don't get a big play but that tell the real story of British propaganda in this country. Watch the society pages, the Broadway columnists, the radio and movie notes, and the shipping news for the tipoff on which Britishers are coming here to do a job on American public opinion for the greater glory of the empire.*

Parliament are popular here too. Alfred Edwards and George Ridley, Laborites, and Lieutenant Colonel Macnamara and Vyvyan Adams will speak throughout the country.

It hasn't been difficult for England to get the services of her prominent writers. Heading the list is Augur, or Vladimir Poliakov, if you please, the New York *Times* correspondent in London whose voice is the voice of the British Foreign Office. Little Augie will ask America, "What of World Peace Now?" Other writers we shall be asked to give ear or eye to are Phyllis Bottome, R. Ellis Roberts, Philip Guedalla, I. A. Richards, Eric Dunstan, Sir Derwent Hall Caine, S. K. Ratcliffe, Graham Hutton, and Cecil Roberts.

"SOVIET EXPERTS"

To help lay down the barrage against the Soviet Union, three "Soviet experts" will grace the lecture platforms: Princess Kropotkin, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, and ex-Premier Alexander Kerensky. France ought to be mentoined too. For the women's clubs of America she is exporting her greatest heartthrob, Charles Boyer, realizing that those passionate eyes will glow to much better effect at teas than in trenches. Accompanying Boyer, as a teaser for the male sex, will come his wife, the British screen actress, Pat Paterson. Then there is Abbe Ernest Dimnet, who will teach Americans the Art of Thinking that this is not an imperialist war. And Daniel Vilfroy, and Pierre de Lanux.

The list could be extended, and it will be in the future, but it will do for now to show that the British and their allies are coming again. "England expects every American to do his duty."

MILTON MELTZER.

Political Overseers

DIXIE DEMAGOGUES, *by Allan A. Michie and Frank Ryhlick. Vanguard Press. $2.50.*

THE South has three kinds of overseers—the riding bosses, the gentlemen who administer the financial interests of their Northern overlords, and the political demagogues. These last serve both the native ruling class, most of which is in hock to Eastern capital, and Wall Street itself. They ride on circus horses and crack the snake whips of race hatred and "the Communist menace." The ruling class doesn't care for the overseers' manners but it appreciates their function. For their whips fall on organized labor, the foreign born, the Negro and poor white. Their showmanship helps to divert the hungry and their fantastic promises never hurt anybody but the beaten-down who take hope from them.

The need for overseers has grown with intensified depression and exploitation. Once they were a handful—"Tom Tom" Heflin, "Great White Chief" Vardaman, Cole Blease, Ben Tillman. Now virtually every Southern state has at least one. Texas leads numerically, with "Cactus Jack" Garner, Governor ("Pass the Biscuits, Pappy") O'Daniel, and the headline-snatching monstrosity, Martin Dies. There are also "Cotton Ed" Smith, "The Man Bilbo," "Whoopee" Long's heirs in Louisiana, "Our Bob" Reynolds, Ed Crump of Memphis, Gene ("Wild Man from Sugar Creek") Talmadge, Rush Holt, and "Happy" Chandler. Nor do the authors of *Dixie Demagogues* forget the more respectable types, like scholarly Walter George of Georgia, Carter Glass, and Pat Harrison, who use their powerful positions in the Senate to sell out the

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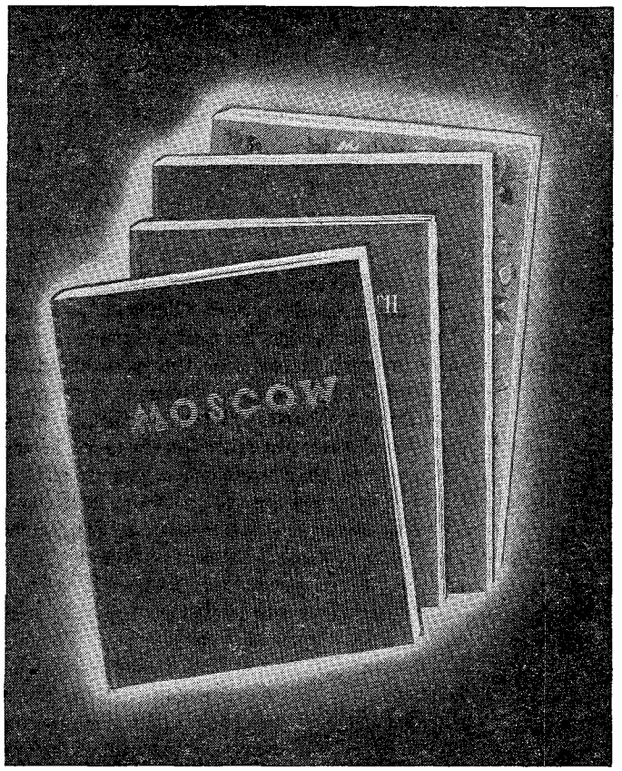

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people of their states to Republican reaction.

How these men get elected is no mystery. The way was made easy for them long ago with the disfranchisement of Negroes and the poorest whites, the impoverishment of small farmers and business men, and generations of political ranting about "white supremacy" and states' rights. With the acquiescence or aid of the bourbons, Dixie demagogues work on an electorate which is almost entirely of Anglo-Saxon stock, easily frightened by the peril of "Africanization." They appeal to people so poor that any panacea looks good, to voters so sick of conventional Southern oratory that a candidate who can spit tobacco juice with awesome accuracy or give a histrionic description of rape may be elected for his antics. Verbally, of course, most candidates attack the "corporations." The general technique is an old Southern custom by now though the details vary with the campaigners. Economic bankruptcy, illiteracy, incomes that fall as low as 10 cents a day—the background remains essentially the same.

And it's no good saying, "That's just the South." Remember: Hague of Jersey City, Father Coughlin and his Christian Front, Big Bill Thompson, Boss Vare of Pennsylvania . . . One of Dixie's demagogues is the country's Vice President; another, Martin Dies, is a national menace. It is significant that "Jew labor agitators from New York," Communists, and the foreign born now figure in the candidates' tirades along with the Negro. The growing labor movement is their target, as it is the target of reaction in the North. New Orleans, whose Mayor Maestri accumulated his wealth selling furniture to brothels and made his political fortune by furnishing Huey Long, when governor, with $40,000 to stop the impeachment proceedings against him, deals with CIO organizers in a way that Berlin—or Los Angeles—might admire. Michie and Ryhlick point out that to speak of Dixie as a colony of Wall Street is more than a cliche—Southern destitution and political bankruptcy represent the price of corporate domination. Culturally as well as geographically, the South is very much a part of the United States—and of Western civilization.

BARBARA GILES.

Our Neutrality

CAN AMERICA STAY NEUTRAL? *by Allen Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*

THIS is a documented, authoritative review of America's experiments in legislating neutrality. The authors admit, with complete frankness, that mere legislation has never served to keep the United States out of war. Jefferson's embargoes did not prevent interference with American shipping on the high seas. They led to talk of secession in the New England trading centers. As President Roosevelt pointed out in his congressional message to the special session, Washington itself was sacked in the disastrous war of 1812. Nor did American observance of

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international law, the championing of the freedom of the seas, stave off the slaughter in 1917. Even the serious, systematic, foolproof neutrality legislation of the last four years did not stand the test of the Ethiopian, Spanish, and Far Eastern wars.

So, with some reluctance, the authors supported revision of the arms embargo. But they emphasize that laws in themselves will never serve to keep Americans out of war, once what they call "basic national interests" are endangered. That is quite true. The question is whether these interests coincide with the interests of the people, of American labor. It is in the hope of a negative answer to this question that the chance of keeping America out resides. J. S.

Novel about Germany

STRANGERS IN THE LAND, *by E. B. Ashton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

A FEW years ago E. B. Ashton wrote an analytical study, *The Fascist: His State and His Mind,* in which he tried "to find out what fascism means to fascists—and not to any imaginary 'objective' observer." Anything but scientific, his book had all the failings stemming from a subjective approach to a major social phenomenon. Now he has produced a novel dealing with the same material. It displays the literary skill of the first book and the same faults. The setting is southern Germany in the dying days of the Weimar republic. The chief figures are a young German Jew, rich and liberal, and a lovely American debutante doing the Continent. To their love affair the author ties the threads of Nazis, Communists, bankers, lawyers, royalists, and a worker or two. The connections are as jumbled and twisted in the story as they must be in the author's mind. And the characters are unbelievable and dull. It is a good thing to try to show fictionally the predicament and pain of the Jew in a society turning fascist. But Mr. Ashton hasn't done it. H. B.

Compensation Law

A GUIDE TO WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, *by H. D. Margulies and Max Bloom. Progress Books, 133 West 44th St., N. Y. C. 50 cents.*

ALTHOUGH it would appear that capital has long accepted the principle that industry should bear the economic loss which workers suffer through industrial accident, this book reveals that while the theory may prevail, capital seeks to thwart its application in practically every one of the hundreds of thousands of industrial casualties which occur every year.

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ceive, and a host of other technical, complex problems are answered here.

The authors have brought to their task a broad understanding of the social factors involved, so that the reader sees behind the printed words of the statute and ahead to needed amendments. A. U.

Maligning WPA

WORKERS ON RELIEF, *by Grace Adams. Yale University Press. $3.*

MISS ADAMS is shrewd. Cornell University gave her a PhD in psychology. But you can't get very far by running rats through mazes. So she decided to put the parchment to better use by popularizing psychology in the slick magazines. That brought in the dough. This latest job of hers will bring in prestige, and among the best people. *Workers on Relief* is very smart stuff. It starts out by telling you where the idea of relief for the unemployed originated, how it was developed, the amount of money spent on it, the number of people helped, the kinds of projects sustained by it, and so on. Then the heart of the book: "the story of the persons who have done such work, the conditions under which they have done it, and the effect it has had upon them."

That's the story that really has to be told if all America is to feel and understand the problems of the vast millions of men and women whirled off the crazily spinning economic wheel. Books bursting with statistics are all right for the academicians but the people whose votes count must be made to see it the human way. By choosing to concentrate on a half-dozen "typical WPA'ers," this could be done. Miss Adams has cleverly used that method to malign the people on WPA and to make it appear that all the weaknesses and inadequacies of the projects are to be blamed on WPA itself. Of the big money people and their reactionary front in Congress, the coalition that has constantly slashed and strangled WPA, not a word. The implicit conclusion of *Workers on Relief* is, get rid of WPA; it's a nuisance and a waste. Wall Street backs that advice. Woodrum and Dies will use it.

M. M.

Selma Freeman Ramsey

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Allons, Enfants . . .

"Marseillaise," Jean Renoir's movie of the French Revolution, comes to the American screen. A study in realistic film making. Not a "costume picture."

THE French Revolution is one of the classic lies of the screen. The Jacobins, after a century and a half, still strike terror in the hearts of conservatives, and the capitalist screen has been busy for decades bolstering the lies of Carlyle, portraying the revolutionists as swine and leering hags, and the queen with pity. Reactionaries hate the French Revolution almost as virulently as they hate Red October, for July 1789 was a challenge to world reaction of that day.

Marseillaise, which has just opened at the Cameo with English dialogue titles, is the truth about the French Revolution at last. France's greatest director, Jean Renoir, is largely responsible for the revolutionary film it is, not like the Soviet revolutionary film, but with characteristics peculiarly French.

The main characters are not Marie Antoinette or Louis XVI, or Robespierre and Danton, but a group of volunteers from Marseilles—the very rank-and-filers who have been so obscenely handled in all other pictures about the revolution. There is little Bomier, not a Marius from Marseilles, but the epitome of modest, humorous, simple, wise, and clumsy working class youth. Little Bomier dies in the Tuileries while he is jokingly trying to persuade a Swiss Guard not to fire on the Volunteers.

The picture opens on a Swiss Guard standing in front of an allegorical tapestry in the Tuileries; then another, similar guard in a close shot, full face. Then the guard is pompously changed, clattering around the corridors like so many wooden soldiers.

Renoir returns to these symbols at the end of the picture with shots of a revolutionary volunteer and a National Guardsman standing in front of these same tapestries. The faces of these men are haunting; they look directly at you, shouldering their revolutionary responsibility, worn by fighting, but looking out of the screen like the conscience of the people. Revolutionary order has been established.

The picture abounds with arresting faces, tiny details of action in mass scenes, and provocative bits of fleeting gestures. After a revolutionary battering ram has split the palace gates there is a moment of indecision as the Marseilles Volunteers draw up far back on the square for a charge into the courtyard. In this moment a small boy walks into the line of fire of the palace guard to turn over with his toe the huge broken lock of the gate. The picture needs the closest attention because of these Renoir touches, which constantly remind you that the revolution is made up of people, not MGM extras. As an essay on the reality of history, Renoir has spoken with great effect. The Volunteers march for twenty-three days from Marseilles toward Paris. What happens on such a march? Men get very tired and footsore and dispirited. Renoir shows this happening as they straggle along on their march. They halt and the men take off their shoes. One lad says that straw is wonderful for wrapping around swollen feet; another wishes it were possible to get a piece of newspaper; and another puts his faith in tallow. In the meantime an officer is explaining the twelve-part manual of arms on a percussion rifle. Now matters like this are utterly dull to many people but history has a distressing characteristic of being poor entertainment most of the time. Renoir has stated that his aim was not to make a "costume" picture, or a vulgar action drama disguised as history, but to redeem the reality of the past, to show the permanent meaning of the revolution. The best testimony that he has succeeded is the dismay of the newspaper critics, one of whom reported that *Marseillaise* is "probably the least dramatic film ever made about one of the most dramatic events in history." If you have your history of the French Revolution from previous movies this is a sage observation, but in regard to the facts it is plainly stupid. Truth has a difficult task after years of lies.

The continuity of the film is poor, due in part to the severe censorial cuts made before its release. Renoir is unsure of himself in handling the mass, the great strength of Russian revolutionary films, and in his fighting scenes the director falls back on the lap dissolve cliche too often. The separate scenes are beautifully conceived for the camera, and no matter how large the crowd there are sharp little touches to be found. For example a scene at Fontainebleau shows some Royalists goading a group of the Friends of the Constitution until the revolutionists chase the aristocrats into the woods. There is a sudden squall of rain as the Royalists run. One of them leans over and throws his coattails over his head. This happens in the background and has no significance except to illustrate that the director understands that historical costumes actually had a certain use, and are not merely masquerade ball props.

The picture is packed with ideas—the im-

ON TO THE BASTILLE. *Vivid scenes of revolutionary Paris, staged with historical fidelity, not Hollywood caricature, feature Jean Renoir's "Marseillaise."*

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mediate problems of revolution, looting, mercy to the ignorant enemy, the status of women, and the patriotic aspect of revolutionary fighting. *Marseillaise* was made in 1936 at the suggestion of the French Communist Party, which was carried out by the CGT, the General Confederation of Workers. Unionists and members of the Front Populaire subscribed to 2-franc coupons, which added up to 2,000,000 francs. The coupon admitted the purchaser to the film when it was shown. Great sequences were slashed out of the picture by the censors, which may account for the fact that certain class objectives of the revolution are not stated, while the emphasis leans more to the patriotic urge against Marie Antoinette's Austrian allies.

Pierre Renoir plays Louis XVI in a fine fashion. As the crisis approaches and he is asked to review the guard in the courtyard, he brings off a major scene, walking stupidly and dazed through the grim ranks of the National Guardsmen who are shortly to turn against him. He nods and smiles vacantly like Herbert Hoover. He hears the guardsmen cheer, "Viva la Nation!" and two cannoneers denounce him to his face. His hands go to his wig. There must be something wrong with his wig. He walks back into the Tuileries and asks his faithful valet to set his wig right.

Jouvet as de Roiderer, the moderate leader, is miscast, but Lise Delamare as Marie Antoinette is enough to uncurl Norma Shearer's hair in her portrayal of the beautiful, ignorant, and vain Austrian. Acting honors particularly belong to the Marseilles Volunteers played by Andrex, Andrisson, Paul Dullac, and Jean-Louis Allibert, and to Bomier's mother played by Marthe Marty. The music is largely chosen from the period—Mozart, Bach, and their French contemporaries. The photography is extraordinarily good, sharp and well planned, with many intricate trucking and pan shots.

The film, naturally, cannot be shown in France today, because it denounces several times the traitors in the rear. Since traitors are now running France it is obvious they do not want *Marseillaise* around. Renoir's film is not a great motion picture but it is truthful, real, and distinctly worth seeing.

THE LOUD DECADE

James Cagney's new picture belongs in the nostalgia trend and manages to be better and faster than *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and *Cavalcade of the Movies,* because it is a reprise on the theme in which the movies were interested during the twenties. *The Roaring Twenties* is a gangster picture with expropriations from the "March of Time" elocutionary commentary, a bit of the disillusionary war picture, and a "cavalcade" narrative. With unerring gun and fist Mr. Cagney cuts his swath through the army, booze-running, gang wars, hijacking, etc., but comes to complete failure in the thirties after prohibition had been repealed and there was no more crime and sin in America. Mark Hellinger, who seems to have become the nocturnal Boswell of this clamorous period,

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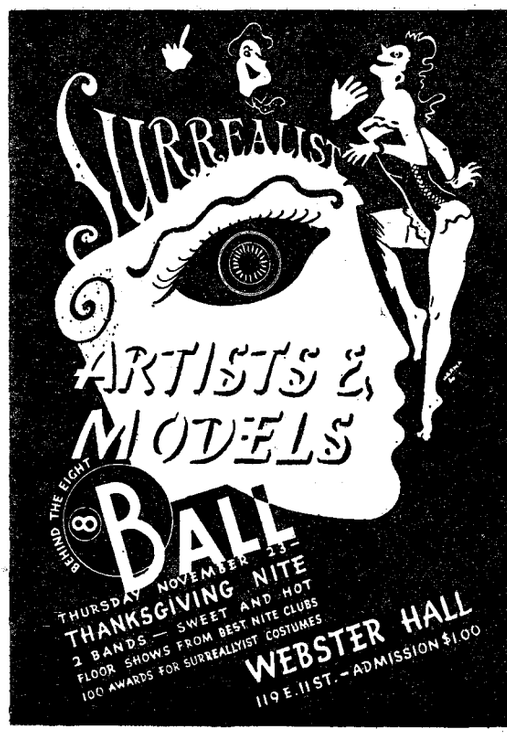

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has hammered out a plot that wrenches the long arm of coincidence, but the picture is laden with expert details. The women's costumes, for instance, are literally rendered, instead of being Adrian's idea of what women *should* have worn in the twenties. I suspect there are a lot more important matters than gang wars to reckon with when history is written. The twenties were cute, loud, and gaudy, but several of us lived through them without hearing as much as a tommy gun burst. It is also possible that prohibition was not the sole reason for the stockmarket crash. But *The Roaring Twenties* makes a neat package of these tenth-truths and Mr. Cagney remains the hero of that less idealistic part of the populace unenamored with the Lone Ranger.

Raoul Walsh's direction is notable for the longest successful slow burn on record. When Cagney comes home from the war he surprises his buddy, Frank McHugh. About five lines are exchanged before McHugh burns.

JAMES DUGAN.

"Life with Father"

A comedy of nineteenth-century, upper middle-class manners.

THE late Clarence Day intended no satirical treatment of his irate nineteenth-century papa in the book *Life with Father,* which had so enormous a success. And the authors of the similarly named comedy at the Empire, Howard Lindsay (who plays the title role) and Russel Crouse, have been extraordinarily faithful to the book. They have produced a pleasant comedy of nineteenth-century, upper middle-class manners that will make you laugh with the emotion of recognition, that will please you with its evocation of ageless custom and definitely dated decor.

Here is the perennial paterfamilias, Father Day, his sweet and bird-brained wife, his four growing, redhaired sons. Here is the stuffy Madison Avenue apartment of the successful stockbroker who damns the national administration (it was Democratic), taxes, the monthly bills and his wife's inability to account for her weekly allowance, his persistent and ill-timed relatives. He shouts and roars at his family. He says to his youngest, "I will teach you what to like and what not to like," when the child objects to oatmeal. He complains that he has taken a solid loss of $2,000 on his pew in church, he stamps on the floor for the cook, terrorizes each daily maid, instructs his eldest on the facts of life ("you have to be firm with women"), demands an accounting of his money, insists that the home be run in a businesslike manner, and when his wife is ill, shouts at the Lord, "Have mercy, damn it!" He is a type.

Typical also of that period and of our own is the family setup wherein the shrinking wife actually triumphs, through the use of feminine guile, over the overbearing male; where the sons are closer to their mother than to their father, where "common sense" supersedes all considerations of the higher values of our life. Lindsay and Crouse, via Day, have set down a broad commentary on one segment of our middle class, where money, if not Father, rules the roost.

Mr. Lindsay and Miss Dorothy Stickney are too young for the roles they carry, but both play with sensitivity and charm; the four boys drew gasps of "how cute" from a predominantly middle-aged audience, in which you might have found, persisting to our own day, any number of Fathers, and Mothers as well. You will enjoy yourself.

ALVAH BESSIE.

17 Battery Place

Clare Boothe's "Margin for Error" hurls creampuffs at Hitler.

WHEN New York patrolman Finkelstein, on duty at the German Consulate, pursed his lips and blew a kiss to the strictly German-speaking maid of Der Fuehrer's representative, I felt sure that a new *Abie's Irish Rose* era was about to dawn. But no. Clare Boothe's two-act whodunit, *Margin for Error,* hasn't even that distinction to recommend it. It's safe to presume that if it was not announced as by the author of *The Women,* it would fold like a Cuban night club on Eighth Avenue.

The only thing that relieves the periods surrounding the intermission is the acting of Otto Preminger as the Nazi consul. He manages to give some life to the catty lines written for him. Had there been different direction, some semblance of life might have shown itself among the other characters on the stage at the Plymouth. You see, Otto Preminger directed the play, too.

Sam Levene as Officer Finkelstein ranks second in importance in the play. He does a stage-Jewish imitation of a stage-Irish cop. Better casting might have selected Eddie Cantor for the role, then we should have had a song or two in addition to Mr. Levene's dancing about. Bert Lytell does a smooth job with a minor role.

I know it's a definite indication of weak-mindedness to review actors instead of a play. But when there's no play?

AGNES DAY.

Charles Martin

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The Dance

Ballet Russe and dancers from Bali and Java.

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo is at the Metropolitan Opera House, a troupe of dancers from Bali and Java have been performing at the Guild Theater, and the New York dance season, 1939-40, is under way.

Despite the loss of some excellent male support, the Monte Carlo dancers have been putting on good shows, the usual number of novelties in their usual brilliant manner. Massine's new symphonic ballet, *Rouge et Noir,* is set to Shostakovitch's *First Symphony,* against decor and costumes by Matisse, sparse and elementary colors which strike a quality the choreography doesn't quite reach. *The Devil's Holiday,* Frederick Ashton's, is the story of the "merry pranks" of a congenial Satan, a ballet which has some worthwhile spots, using to good advantage the styles and the forms of the musical comedy; however, it needs clarification and a bit of developing. *Capriccio Espagnol,* done by Massine in collaboration with Argentinita, starts with a good folk dance, but gets lost with the stiffer hidalgos; the ballet could use more folk quality and, undoubtedly, more Argentinita. *Igrouchka,* a Fokine revival, is a simple fable of the peasant boy and the peasant girl, done in stylized fairytale manner, pleasant, good-natured, and funny.

Led by Devi Dja, a personable individual who should do well in Hollywood, and assisted by a native orchestra, the Indonesian dancers presented a fine program of native dances, folk, work, play, and religious. Closely related to the Indian dances, in both technic and substance, the performance of the people from Bali and Java has a lively quality all its own. In addition, there are more apparent Western influences. There are the usual Temple dances, an exciting male folk dance from Sumatra, and an amusing interlude of "moonlight serenaders," singers and all. The troupe may not be the best that Java and Bali can offer us, but it's interesting enough, and well worth seeing.

OWEN BURKE.

Kraft

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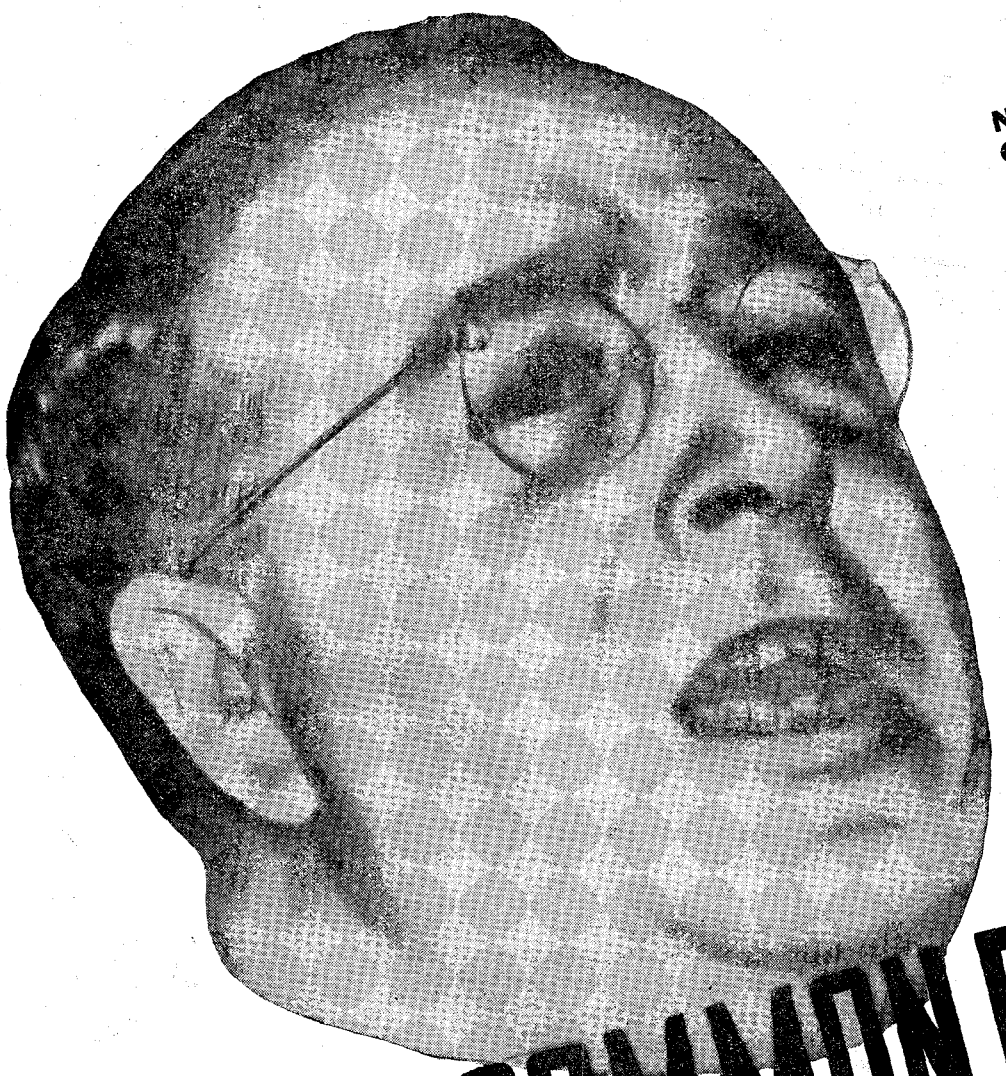

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